

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

EDWARD J. HIGGINS, GENERAL

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.  
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

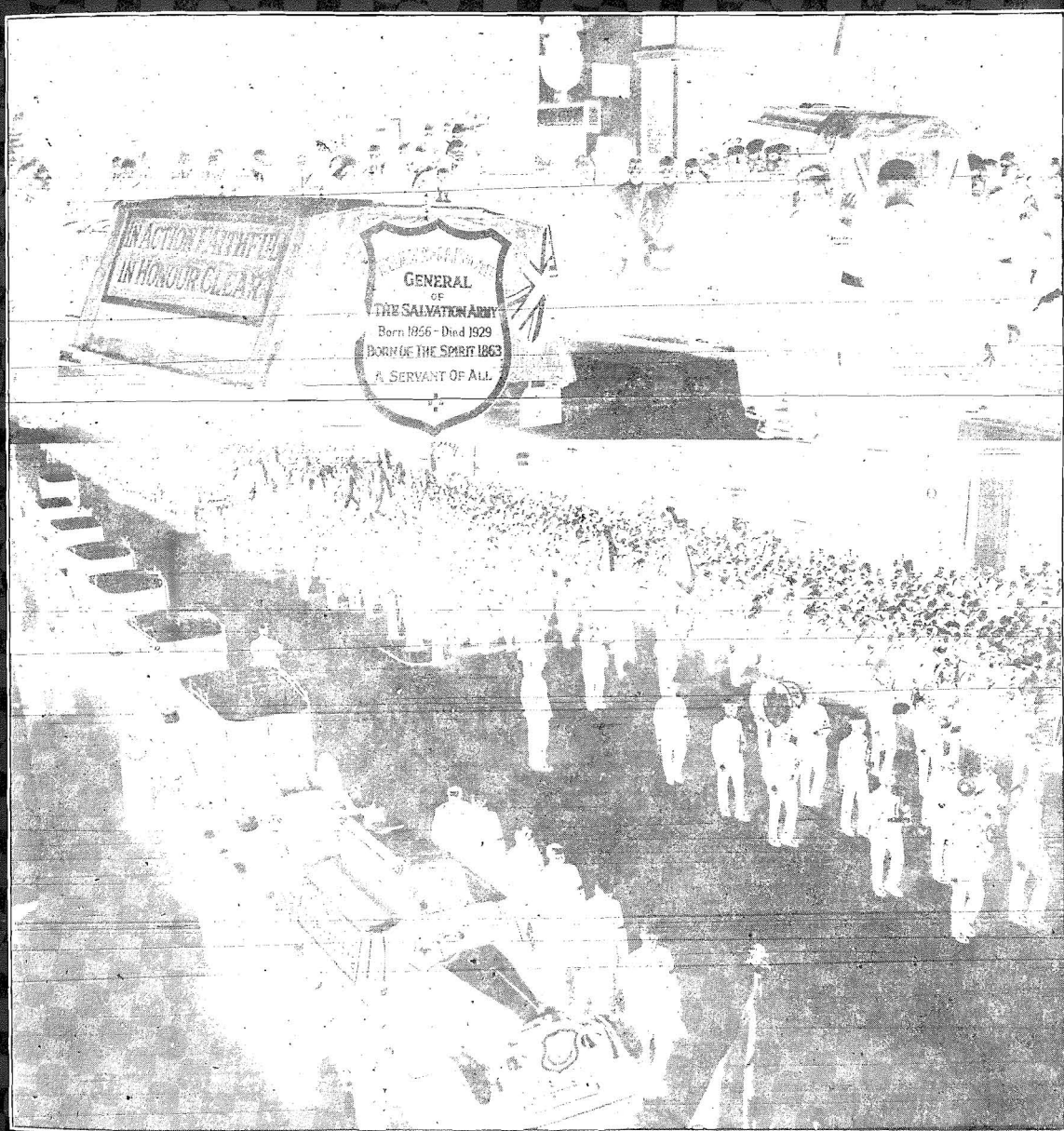
NEWFOUNDLAND

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TORONTO 2, JULY 20th, 1929.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Commissioner.



## THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

UPPER PHOTO: The casket being taken from International Headquarters to the car. LOWER PHOTO: The procession, consisting of 3,500 Salvationists, and Bands from all parts of the British Territory, marching past the cortege in Queen Victoria Street, en route to the cemetery

# GOD WANTS YOU!

## A STIRRING APPEAL

By Commissioner Booth-Tucker

sin!

Deliver yourself up to Him—body, mind, soul—for Him to do what He likes with you! You will quickly find for yourself that God wants even you! The revelation of His love will overwhelm you! He will make your veins throb and your pulses beat! You will exclaim:

I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me!

But, perhaps you say neither of these caps fit me. I am a child of God. I am converted. "My name is on the Roll. It has been there for many years. But I seem so useless. If I had one talent I should not mind, but I have none. Every breeze of temptation blows me over. I make good resolutions times without number. I break them almost as soon as made. I cannot control my temper.

Worst of all, my secret thoughts run riot and pollute my soul. If one devil was cast out when I was converted, seven others have taken its place. My prayers are mere chatter. My Bible gives me no pleasure. I have to drag myself to the meetings, or to any good work. At times I feel like giving up. God must be tired of me. I must see how weak and wavering I am. He can't trust me.

### Just as You Are

Oh, yes, He does! God wants you! Don't look at yourself as you are, but as you can become. Surrender yourself to Him. Don't bother about what you can't do. Don't measure yourself by somebody else. God wants you, just as you are, and just now.

We all remember the posters that covered the walls of England when Kitchener's Army was raised. There was the face of a man pointing his finger at every passer-by, with the inscription:



*Caught on the Wing by Day*

### HOW FAR?

IT HAPPENED in faraway India; a missionary told it in the United States, and it read it in Toronto, but, believe me, the heart-searching questions it raises are not a matter of locality, but are applicable anywhere, and are very personal indeed. Here's the story. A Christian and a Hindu were comparing their respective faiths, and the Hindu said, "You say you are saved; all right, so am I. As Christ saves you so Krishna saves me." "Very well," said the Christian, "let us go out together and try to save some of the outcasts in the bazaar." The Hindu's reply was, "I am saved, but I am not saved that far."

As we read it you and I are faced with the inevitable question, "Just how far are we saved." Are there some things we are prepared to do, to be, or to suffer? Are there some which we feel would be too hard? Are we saved as far as the first, but not as far as the second? We are ready to give a testimony in the Hall, but what about witnessing at home or among our workmates? We are good, hard-working Soldiers, but what about Officership? We revel in work for the Master in our own land, but what of missionary service?

Where are we to draw the line which marks the limit of our consecration? Are we saved as far as playing in a

Your King and Country want YOU!

How those eyes and that finger seemed to follow the youth of the country wherever they went! How nobly they responded! Long before conscription became a law, and they had to go whether they liked it or not, the mute appeal of that pointing finger seemed to follow them wherever they went. It prepared the way for the army of seven million men that the Empire ultimately produced. It was powerful in attraction, instant in appeal, and relentless in its demand for immediate response.

### Whoever You Are

Whoever you are, whatever your condition, backslider or sinner, or lukewarm saint, look at that face on Calvary, look at those hands, which cannot point because they are nailed to the Cross—but they do point all the same! What does Calvary say to you? Does it not say to you with a passionate earnestness that you cannot resist—GOD WANTS YOU!

What for? To bar this way against the legions of Hell which are ravaging the world of to-day as never before—to take your stand by the Blood-sprinkled Cross of Calvary, the Banner of God's Love—to consecrate your Life, your Time, your Talents, your whole being to the Cause for which He died! He does not ask you to do what you cannot, but just what you can—not to give what you have not got, but just what you have—not to improve yourself and make yourself fit to come, but to come just as you are! His Grace shall be your sufficiency—His Power shall be magnified in your Weakness. Write these words in your Bible as you give yourself to Him, and believe it with all your soul:

GOD WANTS ME!

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging symbol.—1 Cor. xiii. i.

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, July 21st, 1 Samuel 4:1-11  
"Wherefore hath Jehovah smitten us to-day before the Philistines? This question makes it clear that the Israelites knew their defeat was due to something they had done or left undone. So to satisfy their consciences they brought the Ark of the Covenant into the Camp. But because their hearts were not right with God, His Presence was not with the symbol.

Monday, July 22nd, 1 Samuel 4:12-22  
The death of Eli.—Eli had allowed his ten sons to have too much of their own way. For this reason he suffered, as perhaps only a father could suffer, by seeing his sons' rightful position which he himself had held for forty years, pass into a stranger's hand. But the weakness of an indulgent father could not be accepted by God as an excuse for the wickedness of the sons. Eli's two sons sinning deeply in taking for themselves things that had been consecrated to the service of God.

Tuesday, July 23rd, 1 Samuel 5:1-12  
"The God of Israel shall not abide with us."—The Philistines having taken the Ark of the Covenant brought it triumphantly to the house of Dagon their man-made god. But they soon found that the false and the true could not be in the same place. Preferring their own god they sent the Ark of the Covenant away. Centuries later the Jews made the same mistake when they shouted that they would rather have Barabbas than Jesus. The choice is left to us as to whether we have some self-diet of our own or God, who alone can help us to overcome evil.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1 Samuel 6:1-12  
"He had wrought wonderfully among them." The Philistines knew about the trespass offering, that symbol of Jesus bearing our sins. They knew too how God had "wrought wonderfully" among the Egyptians. Perhaps the reason why they did not want to change their religion was because the Israelites did not glorify God as they should have done.

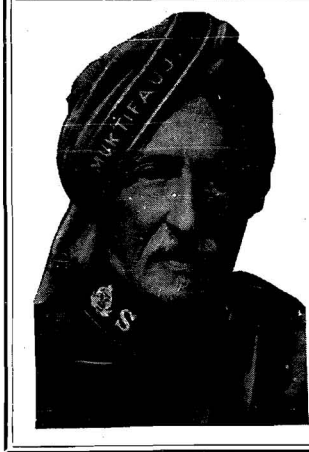
Thursday, July 25th, 1 Samuel 6:13-21  
"They lifted up their eyes, and saw the Ark, and rejoiced." The Levites did what was right. They offered a burnt offering the same day. The burnt offering was a type of the sacrifice of Jesus. If the people did not know all that the burnt offering typified, they knew it was holy, and that they ought to have been reverent in their behaviour. Instead of which they crowded round and touched what they had been forbidden even to look upon, and for this they were punished.

Friday, July 26th, 1 Samuel 7:1-17  
"Cry unto the Lord our God for us that He will save us." This attitude of mind was very different from the time when they had said: "Let us fetch the Ark of the Covenant . . . that it may save us." Then their trust was in the outward symbol. Now they learned that prayer brought complete victory.

Saturday, July 27th, 1 Samuel 8:1-9  
"And Samuel prayed unto the Lord." Even the Philistines remembered the wonderful things God had done for the Israelites. But the Israelites forgot and wanted a visible king. Samuel in prayer brought his sorrow to God, and though God allowed the people to have their own way, He comforted Samuel by showing him the real cause of the people's ingratitude.

The starry sky above me, and the moral law within me, are two things which fill the soul with ever new and increasing admiration and reverence.—Kant.

Love not Pleasure: love God. This is the Everlasting Yes, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whose walks and works, it is well with him.—Caryl.



WHAT ME? Yes, YOU! Whoever you may be that reads these lines, God wants just you. Of course, God can do very well without you! Nevertheless, He wants you—just now, and just as you are. "But I'm not a Soldier. I'm a backslider."

Does that mean that you are a backslider—that although you are not a Soldier now you used to be one in days gone by? Yes. Well, surely you can have no doubt that God wants you. The Bible is full of tender appeals to such as you to return, and of promises that He will heal your backsliding.

Yes, He doubly wants you, because you know all about it—or rather about Him. You have tasted and seen that He is gracious. He needs you to enlist anew under Calvary's Flag. You have deserted your post. You know what is the fate of deserters in times of war. You are under sentence not only as an ordinary sinner and rebel against His government, but as a deserter. Nevertheless, He offers you a free pardon, an amnesty.

But, perhaps you say you have never been really saved. The Spirit of God has often striven with you. In the past you have had longings to be good, to serve Him, to join The Army, to take your stand under the Flag. But these good desires have passed away, and now your heart is cold as ice and hard as marble. You won't be a hypocrite. The Spirit has ceased to strive. God has given you up.

### What is Your Duty?

Ah, if that were true it would indeed be terrible. But supposing it is? What then? Supposing you have sinned away your last chance, and that you are included in the list of reprobates, whose doom is sealed, who are included, like the Pharisees of old, in the list of the damned, but permitted still to walk this earth for a brief period till the cup of your iniquity is full, and you are hurried to your eternal doom. Supposing you really belong to this dreadful class? What then? What is your obvious duty?

Does your submission to God depend upon His pardon? Ought not you to submit, whether He forgives you or not—whether He lifts you up to Heaven or casts you into Hell? Obviously that is your duty. What folly to continue in your rebellion when a glance from His flaming eye can scorch you up—a touch from His finger can snap the brittle thread of your life! Tell Him that you have no case—no defence—you deserve His utmost wrath—you admit the justice of His righteous anger, of His utmost punishment—but that you will go to Hell proclaiming His goodness and declaring your self to be on His side, a worthy monument of His hatred of





# Was it a Coincidence?

BY  
Brigadier H. G. Carter

IT WAS a glorious afternoon in the early Fall in a small backwoods town of Nova Scotia—Canada's eastern maritime province immortalised by Longfellow and known to many as "The Evangeline Land."

On an hotel verandah, which commanded a fairly long stretch of the town's one and only road and the bridge over the river, was seated a young man, apparently enjoying the prospect. As a rule, he did find considerable pleasure in it, but this particular afternoon neither the picturesque bridgehead, partly discernible through the trees which lined the winding roadway, or the beautiful and varied autumnal tints of the leaves—in which at any other time he would have found great delight—had no charm for him. He was not usually moody, but this afternoon he would have told you that he was "bored stiff."

Our young friend had not long since reached his majority, and, like many another, thousands of miles from home and kindred and among strangers, cared for naught or nobody but lived only to get all the pleasure possible out of life. He participated in and enjoyed to the full all such a town at the time of which we write had to offer. Sunday at the hotel was always rather dull, for many of the boarders went away over the weekend, but this Sunday seemed duller than usual. It was exceptionally quiet within, and an occasional buggy driving past in a cloud of dust was the only sign of life without.

Yes, he was "bored stiff"—at least, so he thought—but we have reason now to believe it was something more than an attack of ennui. He would read—perhaps that would chase dull care away. Entering the hotel, he mounted the stairs to his room, and going to his bookshelf listlessly

commenced to read. He became deeply interested and soon he had read the booklet through. It was a plain, straightforward outline of God's plan of Redemption, and one statement of the writer's—that one should read the Bible as a personal communication direct from God—made a deep impression upon the young man. Strangely moved, he decided to do this, but unfortunately he did not possess a Bible. Then he remembered that his father, when he left home, gave him a marked New Testament. Going to his room again, our young friend searched his trunk, and there, at the bottom, almost hidden away, he found his father's parting gift.

## Then—the Light Came

Seating himself in his room, he commenced to read the Word—to read it as the writer of the booklet suggested—as a personal communication direct from God Himself. The evening shadows deepened, but he read on and on, then the light came. It came with the young man knelt by his bedside, and, guided by none other than the Holy Spirit, he sought Salvation; and in that French Canadian hotel that evening, just before the supper bell rang, the advent of the Spirit of Christ—the Christ of the Manger and the Christ of the Cross—into the soul of man was again celebrated, and from that moment forward our young friend was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

After "The Great Transaction," there is small cause for wonder that the young man should send down word that he would not require any supper. Indeed, words fail to express—as is always the case—his thoughts and feelings as, alone in his room, he praised God for His patient love and mercy.

It was customary on Sunday to have a "friendly" game of cards, a sing-song, or perhaps a "parlor dance," after supper, and being somewhat of a soloist, our young friend was frequently in demand, and sure enough, he was in demand this Sunday evening. But he could not sing the songs he was in the habit of singing! The requests from below became more urgent and even boisterous. What could he sing? He looked through his collections of secular songs in the hope of finding something suitable, but there was nothing. Then he recalled that someone had sent him the well-known revival song, "Count your blessings." He had scarcely found it when several of his friends knocked at his door, and escorted him to the general room of the hotel; and to the surprise and, I think, consternation of some present, he said to the young lady pianist: "This is the song, and the only song, I shall sing this evening." And sing it he did, and the company, although comprised, with one exception, of Romanists, quickly learned, and sang the chorus. That was the evening of Sunday,

September nine. For the young man it marked a clean cut from the old life, and his action gave rise to more than a little wonder in certain circles of the community.

It is September nine again, but twenty years later. The scene has changed from the fair "Land of Evangeline" to well-nigh the centre of the Dark Continent. Dawn is breaking, and as the grey streaks lighten the east, our friend, still young in spirit, but older in years, bestirs himself after a good night's rest, and just as the sun, like a ball of fire—blood red—rises above the horizon, he makes his way towards the open veldt. Twenty years! A big slice out of a man's life! There is a nip in the atmosphere, and our friend quickens his pace, breathing deep as he does so of the sweet and invigorating fragrance which at every step he takes arises from the dew-laden scrub. Twenty years!—TWENTY YEARS!

## In God's Great Outdoors

Leaving The Army's Native Training Settlement—none other than that of Howard, Rhodesia—our friend goes steadily forward. His thoughts this glorious morning are longer by far than the "long, long thoughts" of youth. The twittering of the numerous birds increases as the sun, shedding as a garment its fiery hue, bursts forth in all its golden splendor, illuminating the whole landscape. There is yet plenty of shade behind the many giant boulders, and our friend rests awhile. Twenty years! Surely the early hours of the twentieth anniversary of "The Great Transaction" could not be more fittingly celebrated than in silent meditation in God's Great Outdoors. At least our friend thinks so, and there in the solitude of this Mashona Native Reserve he recalls the moment when, away across the seas, he stepped out in faith on God's promises and God, counting into him for righteousness, assured him that his sins, which were many, were all plunged into the sea of His righteousness, assured him that his sins, which any more for ever. It was a grand and glorious never-to-be-forgotten moment, and this morning it seems as though it occurred but yesterday. But twenty long years have come and gone since

(Continued on page 14)



That evening, in "The Evangeline Land," marked a clean cut from the old life.

sought for a book. Suddenly his attention was drawn to a little paper-covered booklet, entitled, "The Blood of Jesus," and he remembered a converted brother of his had sent it to him some months before, but on receiving it he had flung it aside; such themes had no interest for him. On this occasion, however, the title of the booklet gripped his attention, and almost unconsciously he descended—with the booklet in his possession—again to the verandah, and, lighting a cigar, com-



In the solitude he recalls a never-to-be-forgotten moment twenty years before





## FAITHFUL COMRADES JOIN HANDS

**OUTPOST BECOMES CORPS**  
**HAMILTON VI** (Captain Taylor, Lieutenant Watt)—During the week-end of June 29th and 30th good times were experienced here. We commenced on Saturday night with a good Open-air, followed by a Salvation meeting inside, where a large number attended. The Young People's Singing Company, from Hamilton IV, was present and was a means of blessing. On Sunday morning in the Holiness meeting one soul consecrated her life afresh to God. In the evening the Young People's Band from Hamilton IV supplied the music and the Hall was packed. The Young People's Singing Company and Young People's Band did their part well, and two young people gave their hearts to God. The Young People's work has been well looked after in the past by Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Holden when this Corps was worked as an Outpost.—E. W.

**Nine Seekers on Welcome Sunday**  
**BRANTFORD** (Adjutant Kettle, Captain Lennox)—On Thursday we extended a welcome to our new Officers. The Band and comrades turned out well and a very fine spirit prevailed. On Saturday night a good Open-air was conducted on the market square, followed by a service in the Citadel. In the Sunday morning Holiness meeting nine seekers came to the Altar.

On Sunday night the hall was well filled, and six more knelt at the Cross.—W. H. Huntington, Envoy.

**Fifteen at the Cross**  
**KITCHENER** (Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson)—On July 7th, we were pleased to have with us our old comrade, Brother Dockery, also Mrs. Dockery and Muriel, from Yonkers, N.Y. Brother Dockery took an active part throughout the day, and his talks were of much inspiration and blessing to us all. In the afternoon meeting two new comets were presented to the Band. At night God's Spirit was manifested in a mighty way; the address by Mrs. Dickenson brought conviction to the unsaved. A man led the way and was followed by others till there were fifteen souls at the Mercy-seat; to God be all the glory.

**From the Outpost**  
**WELLAND** (Captain Zarfas, Lieutenant Smith)—On Sunday morning the son of Band-Sergeant and Mrs. Brockbank was dedicated to God and The Army by Captain Zarfas. On Sunday evening a Memorial service was held for our late General; several comrades spoke, making touching reference to his love for the worst of sinners. The Band played "Promoted to Glory" while everyone present stood in reverent silence. During the Prayer-meeting one soul came to the Mercy-seat. Last Sunday night we had the pleasure of seeing four Young People from the Outpost at the Penitent-form.—C. Oates.

**A Busy Band**  
**MIDLAND** (Commandant and Mrs. Graves)—On June 30th we welcomed our new Officers, Commandant and Mrs. Graves. There was a good crowd, especially at the night meeting and God's presence was very much felt. The Commandant's message was very impressive. They are a great help to our Band, as the Commandant and his son both play cornets. The Band played at Little Lake on Monday night to the tourists, and on Thursday journeyed to Coldwater where a rousing Open-air was conducted.—H. Bates.

**STELLARTON** (Captain Lynch, Lieutenant Ogilvie)—A wedding of great interest took place on Tuesday, June 25th, in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Stellarton, when Corps Sergeant-Major MacBain and Sister Ina London (nee Ensign London), were united in marriage. Lieutenant B. Wishart was bridesmaid, while Captain W. Pedlar, of Pictou, supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by Brigadier Tilley. After the ceremony a short program was rendered, consisting of a vocal selection by The Salvation Army Quartet of Pictou County, a solo by Mrs. M. Outlen, and a piano duet by Mrs. (Adjutant) Woodcock and her daughter, Ruth. Addresses were given by Commandant Richardson, of Halifax, Lieutenant B. Wishart, of Westville, and Captain Pedlar, of Pictou. A reception was held in the Stellarton Citadel, and about seventy guests sat down to supper. Both these comrades are known as loyal Salvationists, and we believe they will be a great source of blessing in the Stellarton Corps.—B. A. C.

**In Loving Memory**  
**BELLEVIEW** (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)—On Sunday evening, June 30th, Ensign Rawlins conducted a Memorial service for our late General, The Citadel, which was appropriately decorated, was well filled. Several Locals and comrades who knew him and had been influenced by his life spoke. The Songsters sang "What are These?", the Band played the "Dead March in Saul," and other suitable music. Following an address by the Ensign, one sister sought Salvation.—Dorothy Mitchell.

**Five Seek Mercy**  
**DUNDAS** (Ensign and Mrs. Tidman)—On June 27th we welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Tidman. We had a splendid week-end, and God blessed again had a blessed time both in the Open-air and indoor meetings, with four souls at the Mercy-seat.

**PERTH** (Captain Milford, Lieutenant Downs)—Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Goodall farewelled, and on June 30th we welcomed Captain Milford.—E. Sumerville.

**HAILEYBURY** (Captain Pedersen, Lieutenant Pencock)—God is blessing us with much of His Presence. On July 3rd one Soldier was enrolled under the Yellow, Red and Blue, and we rejoiced over two seekers at the Cross.—P.A.T.

**WINDSOR IV** (Captains Wade and Peck)—Our new Officers were welcomed on Sunday, and already they have been made a blessing. Our Open-air are proving a blessing to a great number of people. We also have a nice little Company meeting.

Today, taking part in all our Open-air, they are few in number, but have already been made a blessing to the people. God's Spirit is being felt among us and souls are being saved, we had two seekers at the Cross. Our Open-air work is in a healthy condition; we have already eight as Junior Soldiers.—M. Sunderland.

**RICHMOND HILL** (Captain Royle, Lieutenant McCoombs)—We recently said farewell to Lieutenants Whitaker and Nesbitt. Several of the comrades spoke of their good work and faithfulness. Then all stood and sang, "God be with you till we meet again."—P.R.

**PRESCOTT** (Captain Payne, Lieutenant Smith)—We recently visited one of our Outposts, where we had an attentive audience at our Open-air, and we believe they received a blessing even as we were blessed.—Corps Corres.

**MOUNT DENNIS** (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)—Field-Major and Mrs. Brace spent a recent Sunday here. Two comrades were enrolled as Soldiers, and one seeker knelt at the Mercy-seat. Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell have taken up the work here right heartily.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PICNIC AT BURWASH INDUSTRIAL FARM

Our Young People's picnic was held on June 22nd, when a large number of children were joined by the members of the Adult Bible Class, and six teams of horses conveyed both adults and children to No. 5 Camp where a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. After plenty of exercise, tea was served to about one hundred. And then the return journey was undertaken and all reached home safe and happy.

The week-end services of June 30th were conducted by Major Owen.

The Major visited the Company meeting in the afternoon and spoke to the Young People, after which he addressed the Bible Class. At 7.30 p.m. a very large congregation greeted our visitor, who was introduced by the superintendent. After the choir had given an appropriate selection, Mrs. Commandant Tuck soloed very acceptably, and Major Owen delivered a God-sent message. The Major's visit brought much cheer to the inmates of this institution and to Commandant and Mrs. Tuck, who are giving of their best in service to all within reach of his influence.

**All Round Progress**  
**NEW WATERFORD** (Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adecock)—During the last few weeks a number of souls have been saved. We recently had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Knight, which was very much enjoyed.

We have just said farewell to Adjutant Mabb and Ensign Evans, who have labored in our midst for the past year. Our Corps has advanced in all departments. At the farewell meeting three backsliders returned to God and got blessedly saved, making four for the week. Our Company meetings are well attended. Our Directory has an average attendance of sixty-five. Our Band is doing well under the leadership of Bandmaster Davies. We have just welcomed Candidate Murray; he is a good help in our little Band.—W. W. M.

## Good News in Small Parcels

**COLLINGWOOD** (Captain and Mrs. Clarke)—We have said farewell to our Officers, who have labored with us for our past year. On Saturday evening we had a surprise visit from Brigadier MacDonald and Staff-Captain Ritchie, who brought with them Lieutenant Bryant, from the Holiness meeting, and our own Officers are on furlough.—W.H.S.

**MOUNT FOREST** (Captain Simpson, Lieutenant Poulton)—On June 30th our new Officers were welcomed. There were four new recruits, and a rousing Open-air was held, and in the evening, at night, the Brigadier gave an address, and many hearts were touched.

**WHITNEY PIER** (Ensign and Mrs. Green)—On Sunday, June 30th, we were greatly blessed by a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Knight in the Holiness meeting, which was well attended. Mrs. Knight spoke, and her words were a great blessing. In the afternoon a rousing Open-air was held, and in the evening, at night, the Brigadier gave an address, and many hearts were touched.

**KEMPTVILLE** (Ensign Wood, Lieutenant O'Brien)—We have said good-bye to our Officers, Captain Shand and Lieutenant Milford, who have been a great blessing in the afternoon, and we welcomed Ensign Wood and Lieut. O'Brien. On Saturday evening Major and Mrs. Best and Captain Chandler and Envoy Kenny motored over from Ottawa, and two rousing Open-air were conducted. On Sunday, all day, the welcome services were well attended.—W.K.

**HANOVER** (Ensign and Mrs. Cornthwaite)—Our new Officers are winning their way to the hearts of the people. Good crowds are attending the welcome services. The following Sunday night a young man and his wife came to the Penitent-form.—Corps Correspondent.

## MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

**FREDERICTON** (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)—A beautiful service in memory of the late General was conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Poole, the platform being suitably decorated for the occasion. Commandant Poole's message referred to the General as a "Burning and Shining Light," and he spoke of personal help received from his words and meetings.

The Band played "Promoted to Glory," and Brother Bamford and Sister Mrs. Malcolm Beatty paid tribute to our departed leader. Mrs. Commandant Poole also spoke of the General's zeal for the souls of men, and of his untiring service to God and The Salvation Army. Mrs. Poole made a strong appeal for the Young People to give their hearts and lives to Christ and soul-saving.—A. M. Bonner.

**Will Stand by New Leaders**  
**ROWNTREE** (Ensign Greatrix and Captain Parsons)—On June 25th we bade farewell to Captains G. and R. Keeling who had labored faithfully with us during the last nine months. Different comrades spoke; ice-cream and cake were served, after which a farewell message was given by Envoy Woodor.

On June 27th we welcomed Ensign Greatrix and Captain Parsons. Words of welcome were spoken by different locals. The Young People sang a welcome song, and the comrades expressed their determination to stand by the new leaders.—E. M.

**Search the Scriptures**  
**EXETER** (Captain Kelly, Lieutenant Scott)—July 7th was a day of blessing and victory at Exeter. Throughout the day good meetings were held, and at night one soul knelt and found mercy at the Cross. We have recently organized a weekly Bible study class and we are believing for greater things.

## Home League Honors Farewelling Officers

**OTTAWA III** (Commandant and Mrs. Davis)—On Wednesday, June 26th, the Ottawa III Home League held a Tea in honor of our farewelling Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Howes. Mrs. Howes has the honor and will be missed by all. At the close Adjutant Howes dedicated a baby of one of the Home League members.—Mrs. Jas. H. Douglas.

**Cheering the Prisoners**  
**CORNWALL** (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)—On Sunday, June 30th, we held a Memorial service for the late General Bramwell Booth. Different comrades referred to having heard him personally, and Adjutant Jones spoke very feelingly. The Band and Songsters rendered appropriate music. Our souls were blessed and we consecrated ourselves for greater service. In the afternoon we visited the jail, and three asked us to pray for them. We have had several souls come to the Saviour during the last week or so.

## TORONTO TEMPLE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PICNIC

**Port Dalhousie**  
**WEDNESDAY, JULY 24th.**  
 Adults \$1, Children 50 cents.  
 Everybody Welcome  
 Phone Randolph 5337.





# Beth's Call-

## The Life-story of a Canadian Woman Officer

### OUR NEW SERIAL

#### CHAPTER I

##### The Log Hut at Barrie

**G**EORGE ADAMS emigrated to Canada with his young wife and first child in the early seventies. He had fond dreams of owning a farm, and so, leaving Bessie, his wife, with the baby in Toronto, he pushed on by boat and on foot to Muskoka. There he staked out his farm, put a brush fence about it, and began to dig a well. He then became convinced of the impossibility of making any income from it for years to come. He was terribly bitten by mosquitoes and black flies, so he decided to leave it, and get a job in some town.

He went some forty miles south by foot and by boat, and arriving in Barrie, a small thriving town, camped two nights in the open. What was the use of spending precious money for lodgings? Then he found work in a brick-yard. He was as ambitious and artistically inclined as any young man of twenty-five years of age, but Bessie and the baby had to be provided for, and so, although rather light and frail of build for

such heavy toil, nevertheless he undertook it.

The longing to possess his own home was still strong upon him, and with his first earnings he bought four acres of land covered with small brush and some timber. Very soon he had arranged the logs for one room, covered it with a roof, and put in a floor, two windows and a door. Then he sent for Bessie and the baby to come home. They were poor, but oh! so happy.

Then their first winter came. The snow rose several feet about their cabin, and mounted high in the drifts. The pines sighed and creaked as they swayed in the storms, and the zero weather was terrible. Bessie always had a good supply of wood and frequently the stove was red hot. At night they covered the beds with the warm Paisley shawls which Bessie had worn so proudly in her girlhood, and when exceptionally cold the mats, always clean, were utilized and aided in keeping out the frost. Very often in the mornings the snow which had blown in through the cracks in the cabin lay in rifts across the bed.

Then came their first Christmas in

Canada, and with it tender thoughts of their English home. Dreary enough was the outlook in Canada. George went out day after day with a bucksaw over his shoulder. Beyond an occasional cord of wood to saw there was little work and of course this meant little money.

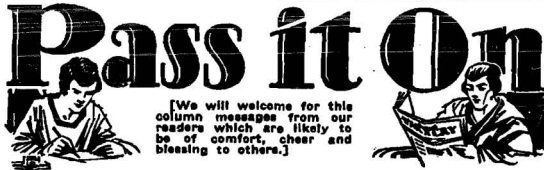
#### Celebrating Christmas

They could not buy a goose or turkey that year for Christmas, but a fine roast of pork was procured for much less money than it could be bought now. The kind-hearted grocer gave Mrs. Adams two pounds of candy, and she bought a pound of nuts. When Christmas morning dawned the air was biting cold without, but the fires burned brightly within. Bessie had tacked up some sprays of cedar with which the little place abounded, and the wee log cabin bore quite an air of festivity. Bessie cooked the dinner, including the very fine Christmas pudding which she knew so well how to make, and George went to town to see if, possibly Santa Claus would come by mail. He spoke as indifferently as

through the deep snow, and attended the service and soon became convinced that he was a sinner, and greatly in need of God's saving grace. In time, he, with others, knelt at the Altar railing, and confessing his sins, found Salvation through faith in Christ's atoning blood. At once he set up the family altar and Bessie thoughtfully regarded him, and longed, too, to be saved. But she did not go to the services, the baby must be cared for and the fire kept burning, for wood burns out so soon. Then also there was another reason, which was perhaps, the strongest for not going out often during that first cold winter in Canada. She was glad George was saved, for sometimes she had felt he was lacking in some essentials which go to make a good husband, and she would not keep him at home to bear her company, no, not for a thousand worlds. So she kept the longing to be also converted a secret from him, and did not yet know the same peace through believing. When the lovely month of May came, and the melted snows having sunk into the ground, gave place to the grass and trees and the flowers, when the old world smiled as though it had never known a winter—was Elizabeth was born.

Four years passed away and two more children came to the emigrants' home, with the eldest making the number four.

It was Sunday morning, and within the dear old homestead at Barrie all was happy. Elizabeth, now aged four, and her younger sister, Mary, were preparing for the great event of the week, the church Sunday



## How the Worry-Devil was Slain in a Woman's Heart

**W**HEN only nine years of age, I realized that I was a sinner in God's sight, and I came to Jesus, trusting Him as my Saviour. As I grew up, realizing that I was a child of God, the Lord gradually showed me that I was "saved to serve," and that each of His children, if willing to serve, was given a "small corner" in which to labor for Him. Gradually opportunities occurred in the home and elsewhere for service in small ways, and I was really happy in seeking to please the One who pleased not Himself.

In spite of this, however, there came times when I felt that I was not trusting Him as He wished and expected to be trusted. To explain—when things in the home, or in my work, or in the lives of my loved ones occurred, which should have driven me trustingly to the Lord, I would pray, but just could not throw off a deadly nauseating sense of worry, which robbed me of almost all my joy. Try as I might, I could not rid myself of it.

I cannot explain how I felt at such times, but my Lord knew. In His goodness He led me to read in a booklet of a dear child of God who at one time was troubled just as I myself was—a prey to worry. His father had died an early death through worrying, and his medical adviser told him that unless he stopped worrying he himself would probably do so too.

He had proved God's saving and keeping power in the past and felt that he was disloyal in not doing so

now, so falling on his knees, he put the matter before the Lord, pleading as he had never done before, for deliverance from worry and from that time, he said, he had never worried, even amid trying circumstances.

The booklet gripped me, and I felt that what God had done for this man He could and would do for me if my life was right with Him. The verse in Ephesians iii. 20, "Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us," came to me.

In the Psalms we read in several places of the sanctuary—the meeting place with God, and I think that truly, that night, the Lord met me as never before.

I sought a quiet place, and first of all I asked Him to show me anything in my life that was likely to hinder blessing to myself or to others, and to make my life clean and fitted for His use. Then I begged Him, in the name which is above every name, to take right away, once and for ever, this dreadful, sinful habit of doubting and worrying.

As I knelt there I felt the peace of God steal into my heart as never before!

*Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,  
Peace I never knew before;  
And my way has brighter grown,  
Since I've learned to trust Him more.*

Now I can sing those words truth-  
(Continued on page 11)



A real Christmas box from home

possible when he asked the old postmaster if there was anything for George Adams, but the postmaster smiled reassuringly as he handed him a bulky parcel and a letter from England. How happy George was as he made his way home to the cabin. Here Bessie and the five-year-old girlie waited as George cut the string and opened the parcel. A nice print cotton dress for the baby, with three bows of blue ribbon on it; a handkerchief for Bessie with her monogram, and a pair of socks for George. And they opened Grandma's lovely motherly letter with the pressed chrysanthemum blossom gathered from the pot in the window seat at home, and the small Christmas card, adorned with the little English robin with a very red breast, and the holly and the mistletoe, a typical English card. Only very homesick English emigrants can guess how precious all this simple expression of love and thoughtfulness was to George and Bessie and the girlie. "After all," said Bessie, as they blew out the lamp preparatory to going to sleep, "Christmas in Canada is nearly as good as it is in England."

A little after the New Year a revival began in the little church in the town. George trudged sturdily

school. Seated before the elder sister of ten years, who held temporarily the position of teacher, they were eagerly devouring the message. To-day the lesson was to be on the "Transfiguration." The only help this teacher possessed was a small card. On one side of this card was depicted the glory of the Mount, and by means of much gilt, the picture itself proved a wondrous attraction to the eyes of the two tiny scholars. On the other side of the card—that upon which the teacher based her remarks—was the printed lesson in abbreviated form, supplemented by the "Golden Text" and "Truths" to be instilled into these young minds. At the end of the story, the text, "This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased," was recited by each child in turn and so the lesson concluded.

Such are the first memories connected by Elizabeth, with her early childhood. Although the class was small, and the methods very primitive, yet Elizabeth admits that the preparation gained unconsciously by at least one of the scholars, for the lessons to be learned later in life proved both educational and spiritual,

(To be continued)



"THE FLAG THAT GUIDES POOR SINNERS ON THE WAY"

## UNDER ONE FLAG

### FIRST ARMY MARCH IN AUSTRIA

Second Anniversary Gatherings—Twenty-Four Seekers—First Corps Band Formed

The second anniversary of The Army's invasion of Austria has just been celebrated in Vienna, the proceedings being conducted by Lt. Commissioner Friedrich, the Territorial Commander.

The program opened on Saturday night with a Tea for Soldiers, recruits, and friends. This was a very informal affair, and created a joyful family spirit which permeated the whole of the week-end meetings.

Sunday morning's Holiness meeting was, indeed, a real spiritual feast, and at the end of the evening meeting seventeen souls sought Salvation.

On Monday evening an interesting program of music and song closed the second anniversary celebrations of the first Corps in Austria, and six further seekers were registered.

The first Army march since the work was started in Austria was held on Sunday night, and attracted thousands of people. A small Band has been formed and is proving most useful.

### MOTHERING MOTHERLESS NORWEGIAN BOYS

The Army Aids Widower in Sad Plight

The Territorial Commander has completed an extensive tour in Northern Norway which necessitated his absence for many weeks from the centre. From reports received the tour was in every respect most blessed and successful. Crowded meetings were held in our own halls and in some places in Churches, and not only "was cheer brought to the Officers who labor so devotedly in these isolated places, but many souls were won for the Master.

The following incident happened recently:—A man called at the Women's Social Office and asked if a Sium Officer could come to his home and help him in some matter. An Officer went and found that the man had for six years been a widower, and all this time he had besides his ordinary work, tried to keep the home together for himself and his two little boys. He had prepared their food, patched their clothes and done everything as well as he could for them. Now, however, the clothes could not stand any more patching and he had no money to buy new things.

The Officer saw at once that a woman's hand had been missed and set to work, and the man, a few days later, had no words to express his thankfulness for his home being made so nice again. Some new clothes had been bought and the children cared for, and in addition, the boys were sent to the Army's Summer Colony to gather physical strength for days to come.

### OUR KNIGHTS

Seeing the letter addressed to  
SIR G. J. GOVAARS

received at International Headquarters a few days ago, people who were not well acquainted with the facts might have thought that some one had blundered. But the senders, the Royal Colonial Institute of Holland, had only translated Colonel Govaars' title as Knight of the Orange Nassau Order into good English.

### WHY KWON SANG HO TOOK OXEN TO MARKET

Some Stirring Stories of Soul-Saving Successes in Korea—Knee-Drill at 3 to 5 a.m.

ENSIGN KWON, of the Eulsong Region, reports that in the Corps at Se. Boo Dong the comrades have been having a series of early-morning Prayer meetings, running from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m. These meetings have been regularly and well attended.

The following two incidents supplied by Ensign Kim Tong Soo, Regional Officer of the Yonk Dok Region, are told in the Ensign's own words:

Sergeant-Major Cho Chin Dom, of Ong Chom Dong, an Outpost of Auh Chon Corps, did not find it easy to keep his religion and Salvationism because of his mother's persecution. She used to be a devil-worshipper and ancestor worshipper. In all kinds of manners she tried to make him forsake his new religion.

Then a wonderful thing happened

—his home was set on fire. Starting with the kitchen, it soon spread over the house, but when it came toward the end of the house, where the Sergeant-Major kept his Bible, Song-Book, and Corps book on a shelf, and under which a jar full of rice was kept, the flame stood still, so to speak, and the people soon put the fire out. Now the mother saw this and was simply alarmed, and fell down on the spot and said, "O God, I did not realize that You are so mighty and merciful. Please forgive my unbelief," and when she got up she was a new woman. She saw the light, and she said that this God is a wonderful God who caused the fire to show His power to her, and she thanks her son for his prayer on behalf of her for so long, and tells him to hold this God of Might until the last, whatever it costs. She has done

away with all the other worshipping, and now she worships with her son and his family the one true God happily. Not only she but all the people who were there and saw this wonderful thing, said to themselves, "There must be a God, and this man's God is really a wonderful and mighty God."

The Sergeant-Major took this chance and told them that his God would be their God if only they would seek Him with true hearts, and now he is continually working for the Salvation of his village people, joyfully and with the great hope that by the Almighty God's help many shall be led into the Kingdom.

Kwon Sang Ho, of Ku Moo Yak, was not recognized by the people to be any good before his conversion. He used to drink, gamble, and swear, and on more than one occasion he took people's oxen to market and sold them in order to raise money for drinking and gambling. Unfortunately, the owners dared not say anything to him because he was such a terror to them, and his own father often wished him to be killed by some one. He was really bad.

But one day, through the instrumentality of the Sergeant-Major in the Corps, he was led to the Christ who died for such sinners, and kneeling at the Mercy-seat he cried to God for mercy, and when he got up he was a new creature in Christ—his heart was changed and wonderfully converted. As a true Salvationist he is now fighting for God and The Army by testifying to the saving power of Jesus Christ.

### THE "LAL COAT WALLAS" OF KARWAL NAT

By Adjutant S. Wafadar (Walker)

THEY are called by their fellows the "Lal coat wallas" (red-coated ones). The red signifies the Blood of Christ and the wearing of the coats is a continual testimony to its saving power. The color is not a favorite one, for the "Sweeper Caste" wear red and the Karwal Nat Criminal tribes consider themselves a higher caste than the sweepers.

However, the "red-coated ones" wear this distinctive dress to meetings and are ever ready to pray, testify or sing of their Saviour.

They are each familiar with the inside of police courts, and one or two have a long list of convictions against them, but since their conversion they have had nothing to do with the police and the police have had no cause to seek them out. There is certainly a decided change.

In meetings they give testimonies such as the following: "I am happy that I am saved by Jesus. I was very sinful, but now I am not going to do bad things any more. I am going to walk in the right road. I want all the badness taken out of my heart. Jesus is my Saviour every day."

These open acknowledgments of Christ are not well received by relatives who often ridicule and sneer. In some cases plans are made to victimize those who witness for Christ. Their parents and relatives are devil-worshippers and very superstitious. They offer pigs to Satan to pacify his wrath when they believe he has brought sickness to their home. They also believe that each possesses a devil and so powerful are these devils that they can destroy the body and soul of an enemy.

It takes some determination to continue to wear a red coat in the Settlement and accept the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. On one occasion when a settler decided to accept Christ and came forward in a meeting, his wife cursed him and made such a noise that an Officer had to speak to her sharply before she would desist.

Two or three are most anxious to become Officers. It may be in the near future that from the Karwal Nat Criminal Tribes there will come an Officer who will be bold to witness for Christ and set a beautiful example to his fellows.

### A FLOATING SHELTER

Home for the Homeless in a Concrete Barge on the Seine

The latest plan put forward by Commissioner Peyron in the interests of the homeless in Paris, is to fit up and furnish a great barge, part of a flotilla built during the war for the purpose of revictualing the French capital in case of need. It may be recalled that these strange craft were constructed of reinforced concrete and moored in the Seine.

According to a report just to hand, the Territorial Commander's intention is to render the substantial vessel habitable, then to fix up dormitories in which he will install 150 beds, to equip a kitchen, and to provide meeting halls.

Such provision for the homeless of the great city will be available during the wintry months of necessity, but during the Summer, when, as far as possible, the people concerned live out of doors, the barge will go down stream to form the base of a river-side holiday camp.

### TWO SIDES OF THE PICTURE

Portrayed by Army Missionary Officer

Both sides of the missionary picture were graphically portrayed by Adjutant Hughes, in charge of the Training Garrison, Lahore, India, during the Chief of the Staff's recent meetings in England. With the right hand he indicated the triumphs and with the left the sorrows. "During our command of a Boys' Home in Northwest India," he said, amid great applause, "we were able to hammer and chisel the people concerned from the ankles of a number of Criminal Tribe lads, and to present them with documents telling the world that they were free—free by their own goodness!"

"And during that time," he continued, "my wife nearly died. We were far from skilled aid. I thought she would not recover, and that was a 'left-hand' experience. The ap- him how vividly 'the other side' was seen, played away, and the silence told



Ensign A. Bobbit presenting Bibles to converted "Crims" at the Karwal Nat Settlement, Saidpur, India. The Ensign is a Canadian Officer, having entered the Work from the Halifax Division. She has completed almost seven years' service in India.

# From All Quarters of the Globe

## A Survey of Current Thought & Events

### THE GIDEONS

**Their Placing of Bibles in Hotels and Its Origin**

MUCH INTEREST was recently aroused in Toronto by the presenting of 1,400 Bibles to the Royal York Hotel by the Gideons. Who the Gideons are and how they started their work will no doubt interest our readers.

The Gideons is a religious society organized for the purpose of binding together Christian travellers and supplying every hotel with a Bible for each guest room.

The organization came into existence on this wise: In the early part of 1899 John H. Nicholson, of Jamesville, Wis., came to the Central Hotel at Boscobel, Wis., for the night. The hotel was crowded and he was asked to take a bed in a double room with S. E. Hill, of Beloit, Wis. These two men soon discovered that each was a devout Christian. While together, as they conversed upon religion, they conceived the idea of banding together Christian commercial travellers for the purpose of converting commercial traveling men.

On May 31st they met at Beaver Dam, Wis., and worked out their plans further. They called a meeting at Jamesville, July 1st, 1899, in the Y.M.C.A. building there. Only three men attended this meeting, but they organized with S. E. Hill, president, W. J. Knights, vice-president, and John H. Nicholson, secretary and treasurer. That was the beginning of the Gideons association.

Much thought was given to a name for the association. It was Knights, the vice-president, who suggested "The Gideons, the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association." He read the sixth and seventh chapters of Judges to show why the name was appropriate. Gideon, one of the judges of Israel, was a man who was willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, irrespective of his own judgment as to the plans and results. A pitcher with a lamp inside it was selected as the emblem of the Gideons, in allusion to the pitchers and lamps carried by Gideon and his three hundred followers when the Midianites were delivered into their hands.

A monthly magazine—"The Gideon, a Traveler's Magazine"—is published at the Chicago headquarters of the organization. "A Bible in every hotel guest-room" and "Winning commercial traveling men for Christ" are the slogans of the Gideons.

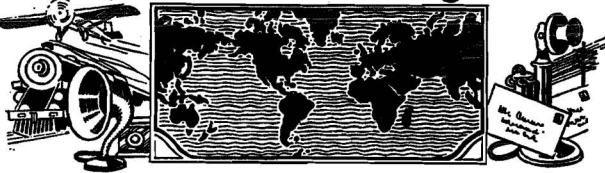
Over a million Bibles have already been placed in hotels in the United States and Canada and the Gideons are planning to place another million.

### VALUE OF FRESH AIR

THE MOST serious housing evils are associated with lack of fresh air and sunlight, which are two of the greatest factors in the promotion of health and the prevention of disease.

Ventilation consists in supplying fresh air of the proper temperature (64 to 68 degrees Fahr.) and humidity, in gentle motion and free from dust or fumes.

Fresh air is nature's tonic; it stimulates the appetite, promotes sleep and good digestion and increases the joy of living. It is essential in building up a strong body and in developing a resistance to disease. Fresh air lessens the chance of an individual contracting colds, influenza, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and cerebrospinal fever. In addition to its usefulness as a preventive agent, it also has a curative value in early cases of tuberculosis, in cases of a septic nature, in chorea and other nervous diseases, and in convalescence from the communicable diseases.



### HOME EXAMPLE TELLS

**Parents Cannot Evade Their Responsibility**

"A YOUNG couple, a bottle of moonshine and an automobile are about the most dangerous trio which can be assembled for the destruction of human society," is the comment of a newspaper on a recent case in which a young man was killed when driving a car full of young people home from a nocturnal gin party.

It is plainly up to fathers and mothers to know what their children are doing and where they are going for their diversion and pleasure. If parental example is poor, and if home training and guidance are neglected, what chance have the young of getting right views of life?

No doubt the real cause of much



TRACED TO ITS SOURCE

"There were ten thousand similar parties on the night of the young man's death," asserts a school superintendent. The question of who is to blame for this state of things is a live one. In the opinion of the corner the parents could not evade the responsibility for the muck and ruin in which these young people found themselves at the end of their revel. Quoting from a letter from a neighbor of one of the girls involved, he read as follows:

"The mother was never sober. She has always allowed booze-hounds to frequent her home—and that's the home environment of this 'poor

of the reported wildness of present day youth may be traced right to the home. How important it is, therefore, that parents should provide a proper home atmosphere where youth can be prepared for meeting the tests of life.

Youth is naturally healthy and clean and high-minded, cherishing dreams and ideals and proper leadership, guidance and example will inspire them with right ambitions and desires and they will loathe the ways of folly, sham and unreality and seek for true treasures where they may be found—in religion, the paths of service and in loyalty to high principles.

### New Japanese Writing

ROMAN characters are now recognized as a standard method of writing Japanese. Important official documents, over 100,000 school books, and all text-books in technical schools and colleges are now using this type of letter. In addition, typewriters with the new lettering are now on sale, and about two hundred are already in use.

### Ancient Fire Engine

THE oldest known fire "engine" in England has found a home at the London Museum. It is a large oval wooden tub, and water being pumped through an iron pipe in the middle. It rested originally on a carriage with solid wooden wheels, but these have disappeared. The "engine" was made in London in 1678 for a town in Bedfordshire.

### GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP

RECENT shipping disasters have again raised the question as to whether it is heroic for a Captain to go down with his ship. The "Liverpool Post" has this to say about it.

"There is no custom, barbaric or other, which ordains that a captain should go down with his ship. The tradition is, and it is both proper and honorable, that a captain should be the last to leave the ship. That merely means that it is his duty that everyone on board should have a chance of being saved before he leaves and that nothing more can be done for the vessel. There is no 'barbaric custom' about that."

"The plain duty of a captain is to save all the lives entrusted to his care and then to save himself. He owes this to his own memory, for however far beyond criticism and reproach his action may have been, no one can justify it in the eyes of the world as the man himself could do."

"There is a public reason for discountenancing any idea that a skipper should go down with his ship. The captain knows best what has happened, and he, presumably, is best able to set forth the lessons of his terrible experience so that others may be warned and perhaps saved. Such a consideration imposes upon captains, very obviously, the duty of saving themselves."

### PROMISING SIGNS IN NOVA SCOTIA

NEVER BEFORE in the history of Annapolis Valley has there been greater activity towards the development and improvement of the fruit industry as is in evidence this season. Sales of spraying and dusting outfits, fertilizers, spray and dust materials, have up to the present surpassed all previous records. Dealers in nursery stock also report an unprecedented demand during the last few months.

A number of farmers in the Annapolis Valley are turning to poultry raising as a side line, and there is good evidence that there is a promising future ahead for this industry.

### Telling Them Nicely

THE VILLAGE OF ARCISSAC, in the department of Cantal, France, has found a delightful means of attracting motorist attention. Thinking that good humor is better than threats, the municipal council has had affixed to the posts at each entrance to the village, the following remarks:

If you will drive slowly—  
You will see our village—  
It is very pretty.  
If you drive quickly  
You will see our prison—  
It is very damp.

### Settles the Argument

"S. T. PAULI, did not say that money was the root of all evil."

So said a Scotch clergyman recently while relating at the opening of his church's sale of work, how he settled an argument with a friend who objected to the Church's insistent appeal for money. They "yes-ed" and "no-ed" for quite a time until they were to consult a Bible in the vestry, and there he showed his friend that what St. Paul said was that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The love of money for miserly, base and ignoble purposes is certainly the root of much evil, but a desire for money to carry on God's work and carry out the Church's duties efficiently in raising poor, falling humanity is not the root of evil, but the root of blessing.





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London, England

Territorial Commander,  
**COMMISSIONER WILLIAM  
MAXWELL.**

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## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

### APPOINTMENTS—

Brigadier Wm. Byers, to be Secretary,  
Ontario Prisons, Toronto.  
Major John McElhinney, to be District  
Officer, Men's Social, Montreal.  
Captain E. Payne, to Men's Social De-  
partment, T.H.Q.

### RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERV- ICE—

Field-Major Ebenezer Hiscock, out from  
Scilly Cove, Nfld., in 1895; last station-  
ed at Danforth, Toronto; and Mrs.  
Hiscock (nee Besale Harris), out from  
Bonavista, in 1895; on June 27th, 1929.

### MARRIAGES—

Captain Donald Ford, out from Halifax,  
N.S., 2,726, last stationed at Bridgeburg,  
Ont., and Captain Eva McKay, out  
from Halifax N.S., 4,727, last stationed  
at Dunnville, Ont.; at Halifax I, June  
20th, 1929, by Brigadier Tilly.

Captain David Allen, out from Aurora,  
Ont., 3,724, last stationed at Seaforth,  
and Captain Mary Bell, out from  
Aurora, 3,724, last stationed at Gode-  
rich, at Aurora, June 20th, 1929, by  
Brigadier Burton.

Captain Gordon Pilfrey, out from Wood-  
stock, Ont., 2,725, last stationed at  
Aurora, and Captain Pearl Bobbitt,  
out from Parliament Street, Toronto,  
22,622, last stationed at Bedford Park,  
Toronto, at Woodstock, Ont., June  
18th, 1929, by Lt-Colonel McAmmond.

Ensign Thomas Hobbins, out from North  
Toronto, 5,720, last stationed at Ham-  
ilton Men's Social, and Ensign Florrie  
Naylor, out from London I, 7,718,  
last stationed at London Men's Social;  
at London I, June 29th, by Colonel  
Adby.

*William Maxwell*

Territorial Commander.

## THE COMMISSIONER'S ACTIVITIES

The Commissioner and Mrs. Max-  
well returned to Toronto from their  
campaign in the Maritimes on Wed-  
nesday last. At St. John, Halifax,  
Sydney and Glace Bay large crowds  
attended the meetings, reports of  
which will be found elsewhere.

The Commissioner, in addition to  
his public work, attended to many  
business matters, and interviewed  
about a score of Officers besides a  
number of Local Officers and parents  
of Officers. On the train journey he  
was kept busy with correspondence  
and also compiled two pamphlets in  
connection with business schemes in  
the Territory, also the forthcoming  
Congress program and visit of the  
General.

Our Leader expressed himself as  
highly pleased with the signs of pro-  
gress he observed in the Maritimes.  
The Officers are full of zeal to push  
the War and a most excellent spirit  
prevails.

After several months of happy and  
helpful association with the British  
Editorial Department, Brigadier  
Rixon has left England with Mrs.  
Rixon for Australia. The Brigadier,  
as we have already intimated, has  
been appointed Editor-in-Chief at  
Melbourne.

# Brilliant Conclusion to Founder's Centenary Year Celebrations

## THE GENERAL Conducts Striking Series of Events in London—Great Day of Thanksgiving at Crystal Palace —Councils for 500 Bandmasters

### PRINCE GEORGE Opens Magnificent William Booth Memorial Training College

London, July 8th.

[by Cable]

THE concluding series of the Celebrations in connection with the Centenary of the Founder's birth, which took place in London, from July 6th to 8th, have been a most triumphant and God glorifying success. The events included a great day of thanksgiving at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday; Councils for five hundred Bandmasters at the historic Clapton Congress Hall on Sunday; opening of the magnificent William Booth Memorial Training College, at Denmark Hill, by H.R.H. Prince George, youngest son of His Majesty the King, to-day. General Higgins was in command throughout.

### Handsome Group of Buildings

The General opened the concluding Centenary Celebrations by meeting representatives of British, Foreign and Dominion newspapers for luncheon and view of Memorial Training College on Friday. These handsome buildings, which were much admired, comprise a central administration block, twelve Hostels, accommodating six hundred Cadets, several lecture rooms, library, hospital, hydro-pathic establishment, and a central assembly hall, seating one thousand.

On Saturday over thirty-five thousand people attended the Crystal Palace Centenary Celebrations. A solemn service of thanksgiving for the life and work of William Booth, conducted by General Higgins in the morning, was deeply moving. The General paid a tender and eloquent tribute to the memory of the Founder. During the service the General sent His Majesty King George a message expressing British Salvationists' gratitude to God and assurance of participation in Empire's thanksgiving for His Majesty's restoration to health, which evoked a most gracious reply from the King.

The march past, in which General and Mrs. Higgins, supported by the Chief of the Staff and International Commissioners took the salute, was of record length. Enthusiasm and affection for the General, manifested constantly throughout the day, were most marked.

The concluding event, a mammoth Musical Festival, has probably never been equalled in the history of the Palace, officials declaring that no such mighty crowd has before been seen in the central transept and adjoining naves. It is estimated that twenty-seven thousand were present at the Festival. The Orchestra consisted of over five thousand Bandsmen and Songsters.

### An Impulse of Affection

Sunday the General devoted to Councils, with five hundred Bandmasters. Impossible to describe concluding scenes of these Councils. At brief word by British Commissioner of assurance to General that he had confidence and affection of Bandmasters, they sprang to their feet as if swept by a single uncontrollable impulse of affection, and cheered unrestrainedly. The General's frankness, manliness and transparent sincerity are winning all hearts.

This afternoon, in brilliant weather, Prince George opened the new Training College, in the presence of select audience of one thousand gathered in the beautiful Assembly Hall. Nearly twelve thousand other guests listened in spacious grounds by means of amplifiers. The distinguished company included members of the Diplomatic Corps and High Commissioners of India and Dominions. His Royal Highness, in the course of his speech, said that he prayed the spirit of The Army's Founder in this Centenary Year might so animate those who passed through the College that they might repeat exploits of the young workman of Nottingham, who became benefactor to so many thousands of his fellow beings. Other speakers included Field Marshal Lord Allenby, who paid a warmly-expressed personal tribute both to the Founder and the Work of The Army which he had watched from its beginning. He said that the British Army and Nation owed a deep debt of gratitude to The Salvation Army for Ambulance and Relief Work during the Great War.

The opening of this Memorial is a fitting climax to the Centenary Celebrations and a worthy memorial of The Army's great Founder.

## THE LATE GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH A STATEMENT REGARDING THE ARMY'S PRESENT POSITION

Before the Chancery Action which the late General Bramwell Booth commenced in his life-time could be brought to trial, indeed before a single pleading had been delivered, General Bramwell Booth died. It is legally possible for his Executors to apply to the Courts to allow them to continue to carry on the action. Whether they will so apply, and whether if they do, the Court will allow them to carry on the action, is extremely doubtful. But, however, is a matter for the lawyers.

General Bramwell Booth left his will, and two codicils by will, and appointed as executor whoever might be his successor as General. This the Founder had done, and the effect was to vest the legal title to Army property in the next General, without the necessity of transfers of deeds or orders of the Court. The underlying idea of this method of holding Army property was that every General would naturally wish to pass on Army property to the next General, with as little expense, delay and embarrassment as possible, and that the successor was the ideal method of accomplishing this, because on a man's death, practically everything vests directly in his executor.

The first codicil dealt only with General Bramwell Booth's private and personal property. The second codicil, which was dated March, 1929, made drastic alterations completely at variance with what the Founder himself had done.

Instead of leaving things in such a way that The Army property would pass straight to the succeeding General, it was left so that it would be vested in executors who were thereby substituted, namely Mrs. General Booth, Commissioner Catherine Booth and Mr. Sneath, solicitor.

The effect of the substitution is clear. It compels the General to go to those executors for the necessary legal transfer of Army property; whether they will give transfer without further difficulty, or whether they will insist that the Courts be referred to, is not yet clear. They are getting advice upon the position. One thing, however, seems perfectly clear, and that is, these executors only hold the property for the purpose of passing it over to the General of The Army. They cannot do anything else with it. They are only trustees for that limited purpose. They cannot enter into its administration or control. They only hold the legal title.

In the meantime all parties have endeavored to minimize the awkwardness of the position. The executors have expressed themselves willing to do all in their power to enable the work to be carried on, and have already signed a certain necessary cheque, and doubtless will sign others as it becomes necessary. There ought to be no difficulty in this connection while the executors are being advised as to making the final transfer to the General. The executors are advised to accept the constitution as the Founder left it, they will transfer at once to the General and there will practically be an end to The Army's difficulty. If they require the order of the Court before they do this, then without question the order will certainly have to be obtained. In a sense this means more litigation, but if the executors are advised that this is necessary for their protection, The Army will have no alternative but to use this issue. It could only mean that the executors would raise again the old challenge as to the validity of the 1904 Deed.

As to statements published regarding General Bramwell Booth's personal estate, this is not a question into which The Army can properly enter, but there is no reason for thinking that the late General's widow is left unprotected.



We learn from the United States East "War Cry" of the retirement of Colonel and Mrs. Stephen Marshall. The Colonel's last appointment was as Provincial Officer for the New England Province. He entered the Work from Acton, Ontario, whilst Mrs. Marshall claims Yorkville (Toronto) as her home Corps. We wish our comrades many years of happy retirement.

Forty-one years ago on Wednesday, July 11th, Brigadier Byers entered the Army Work as an Officer. The years have brought him great joy, and he has delighted in the privilege of serving God in The Army. He has served on the Canadian Field from coast to coast, and was only recently transferred from Montreal to the Territorial centre.

A very pleasing event took place in the Montreal V Citadel on Monday, July 19th, when Commandant Allan Ritchie (R) and Ensign Daisy Peddesden were married. The ceremony was conducted by Brigadier Byers.

The Trade Department has a large supply of the recently-published life-story of the late Commissioner Elijah Cadman on hand. The book is entitled "The Happy Warrior." This interesting and instructive volume may be secured from The Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, price \$1.00 post paid.

Ensign Irene Brown, writing from the Girls' Industrial School, Nellore, South India, says, "I am still receiving handkerchiefs as a result of my appeal through the Christmas 'War Cry'. I have recently come to India, from Ceylon, to take charge of a large school of little girls from a criminal tribe, so you may know how acceptable these little gifts are. I have not had time to write letters of thanks to all the kind friends, so please say a great, big 'Thank you' for me in 'The War Cry'."

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Read by Alderman F. J. Dinan on the Occasion of the Visit to Quebec of the Commissioner and Montreal I Band

In the name of the City Council and of all the citizens of our Old Capital City, let me tell you how much we appreciate the interest you show in Quebec. I am voicing the unanimous sentiment of the citizens of Quebec in extending to you a most cordial welcome in our midst.

We wish first of all to welcome you as representatives of a distinguished association, whose admirable work of relief and charity throughout the world has been highly commended and is in fact deserving the highest praise. The City of Quebec, as well as all other large centres of this Continent, has been in a position to appreciate the valuable work accomplished by the local branch of The Salvation Army, and I am glad to say myself of this opportunity to say publicly our appreciation of what they have done and are doing every day to relieve human suffering and misery, and to contribute to the welfare of our people.

# In The Maritimes

## COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAXWELL

### Spend Happy and Profitable Days in the Halifax, Sydney and St. John Divisions

THAT Halifax Salvationists and friends were delighted to welcome to their historic city Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell was evidenced by the large and expectant crowd that filled the No. 1 Citadel on Thursday evening last, when our Territorial Leaders conducted a united public gathering.

The opening song was preceded by a spirited selection by the Halifax I Band under the baton of Commandant Alfred Smith. "Let earth and Heaven agree," led by the Divisional Commander, was sung

A duet, "Precious Jesus," sung by Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell, was deeply impressive. "Strong in the Lord of Hosts," was also effectively sung by the Songsters.

Mrs. Maxwell, who on rising to speak was warmly received, thanked the comrades and friends for their very kind expression of welcome. She had been, she said, a Salvationist for many years and had gloried in fighting. She was glad to accompany the Commissioner to the East, having heard such interesting accounts from him of his former visits there. She

## IN THE SYDNEY DIVISION

[By Wire]

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAXWELL'S visit to the Sydney Division has been full of interest and blessing. There was a large attendance in St. Andrew's Hall at Sydney, where the Territorial Leaders spent Saturday evening, accompanied by the New Aberdeen Band.

On Sunday morning, in the same building, and in New Aberdeen Citadel in the afternoon, splendid audiences were present, and times of much spiritual profit were experienced.

A good audience gathered at Glace Bay for a special service convened for women, and listened with much pleasure and benefit to Mrs. Maxwell's address.

The Territorial Commander addressed a gathering of one thousand people in the Savoy Theatre at Glace Bay on Sunday evening very acceptably. The singing of the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell made a deep impression on the congregation, and hearts were stirred as the Commissioner delivered eternal truths. The local press comments favorably on the influence of the gatherings.—Brigadier Knight.

enthusiastically, and Staff-Captain Aldridge prayed that God would touch all hearts present.

Brigadier Tilley, in his words of welcome, expressed the pleasure of the Halifax comrades that in spite of the city's geographical position, the Commissioner's visits had not been infrequent. He hoped that Mrs. Maxwell would be favorably impressed, as first impressions were lasting. The audience gave a demonstrative expression of welcome.

The Commissioner, in greeting the comrades, felt happy that his promise, made on a previous occasion, to have Mrs. Maxwell accompany him on his next visit to Halifax, was kept. He then gave a vivid and interesting survey of The Army's program in the Territory. Reference was made to the recent splendid self-denial victory, and a personal "thank you" expressed to the comrades of the Halifax Division for their co-operation. An analysis of the distribution of this fund, new to some and interesting to all, was given.

Tender and loving references were made to the promotion to Glory of The Army's second General who, with his father, the Founder, had left to us an incomparable legacy in "The Army Spirit."

proceeded to give a most forceful address, interspersing and emphasizing her application of the Truth with interesting and helpful incidents from her personal experience.

The first to respond to the Commissioner's appeal for surrender was a man from the gallery, who quickly came to the Mercy-seat, followed by another seeker, both of them claiming victory.

After the Benediction was pronounced, requests to "come again" were heard on every hand as the comrades made their way to the front to get a handshake and "God bless you" from our Leaders.

Friday morning found the Commissioner engaged in business matters at Divisional Headquarters, a visit of inspection to the Men's Social, which is under the supervision of Commandant Alfred Smith. Grace Hospital was visited in the afternoon, and many important matters were discussed with the Matron, Staff-Captain Aldridge. A brief meeting with the Staff was opportune and much appreciated.

Mrs. Maxwell, accompanied by Mrs. Tilley, also paid a visit to the General Hospital to encourage and bless Young People's Sergeant-Major Ogilvie, of Parrsboro, who has been undergoing special treatment there.

## COMMISSIONER GEORGE MITCHELL

Appointed to International Headquarters

We are pleased to announce that the General has appointed Commissioner George Mitchell to be International Secretary, for Europe, Canada, and Australasia, in succession to Commissioner John Cunningham, whose appointment will be announced in due course. The Commissioner will enter upon his new duties at the beginning of August.

After his long absence from International Headquarters, where he served previously for many years in such important positions as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, the Commissioner will receive a warm welcome back to the International centre.

A sketch of the Commissioner's career will appear in our next issue.

The visit to Halifax of our Territorial Leaders, though brief, was helpful and inspirational from every standpoint.

## Visit to Saint John

It was with great delight that we of Saint John, N.B., learned that Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell would visit us on July 3rd to conduct a meeting. The Commissioner had visited us on different occasions, but this was the first time we had been privileged to have Mrs. Maxwell with us since she landed here from the Old Land nearly three years ago.

The meeting, at which the city forces united in the No. 1 Citadel, was preceded by an Open-air rally on King Street.

A capacity audience greeted the Commissioner and his wife and they were soon all joining heartily in the opening song, led on by Major Cameron, the Divisional Commander. Reverently we followed Adjutant Sibbick in her prayer.

Major Cameron then welcomed Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell to the Loyalist City. It was no forced applause which the large audience gave to the visitors, but a real Eastern welcome. Singing is always pleasing to a Saint John audience and we listened with particular delight to the duet which Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell rendered.

The Commissioner took this opportunity of thanking the people of Saint John for their generous assistance during the recent Self-Denial Effort.

Mrs. Maxwell was accorded an especially warm welcome. She related considerably from her own experience showing how God had led her into the path of light and skillfully drew spiritual lessons therefrom.

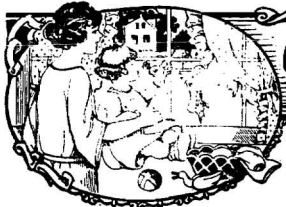
The Commissioner urged an instant surrender to God of those who were walking in darkness or in the false lights of the world. After a well-fought Prayer-meeting, two men responded to the invitation.

The united Bands from No. I and III, under the leadership of Ensign Ellis, assisted with their playing.



"Snapped" at Quebec during the Commissioner's visit with Montreal I Band. At left: Brother and Sister Baird, of Montreal I; Brigadier Burrows, Sergeant-Major Colley and Treasurer Douglas, also of Montreal I. Brigadier Burrows and Brother Baird were both stationed at Quebec City over thirty years ago. The remaining three comrades were converted in the City and in that day. At right: Commissioner Maxwell depositing wreath at Cross of Sacrifice, Quebec City, on Dominion Day, in honored memory of those who fell in the Great War. With the Commissioner are Mrs. Maxwell and Bandmaster Goodier, of Montreal I.





# Of INTEREST to WOMEN

## WOMEN: Their ways and says

### KITCHEN CUES

#### Washing Oil Cloth

Oil cloth should never be scrubbed. If this is done the paint will be quickly worn off. It should first be carefully washed with a soft brush to remove all the dust and dirt, and then wiped with a large soft cloth wrung out in tepid (not hot) water. If it is very dirty it may be necessary to use a little soft soap, but this should be done rarely, and on no account should soda be used. When it is dry, wipe with a cloth or sponge dipped in skim milk, which will brighten up and preserve the colors and give it a polish. After sponging with the milk dry with a cloth.

#### All Grease Gone

Never fail to keep a piece of brown paper close to the stove when frying any article in deep fat. Then as soon as the article of food in the desired brown, lift from the fat with a perforated spoon and place on the brown paper to drain. The paper will absorb every bit of fat, and the platter will go to the table greaseless and appetizing.

Dish covers should be warmed as well as the dishes if you want the dinner to be served hot.

THE Willing Workers are a band of women of Quebec City who work under the direction of Mrs. Ensign van Roon in much the same way as our Home Leagues, even paying dues. They ply their needle in fashioning garments which are sold, and the proceeds devoted to our Social Work. They are always on hand also when the Self-Denial Effort is in progress, making themselves responsible for the Tag Day, under the supervision of Mrs. Darlington, who is the Secretary of the Willing Workers, and for many years has identified herself as a practical champion of The Army's operations. A "Cry" representative saw these splendid women "in action" recently; they prepared a tea for the Montreal I Bandmen, and appeared to take delight in doing so.

There is one thing above class—Country; there is one thing above country—Humanity.—Mrs. Winttingham, M.P.

In his new book on tennis, W. T. Tilden tells how, when he beat Gerald Patterson at Wimbledon, a lady introduced herself to him as "Gerald's aunt." She was not a tennis star herself, only the aunt of one, and proud of her nephew.

The modest lady was—Melba!

A marble monument to a brave

village mother has been raised at Sersale, in the part of Italy called Calabria.

She was bringing her two little boys home one evening last winter when a severe snowstorm began, the snowstorm of a mountainous countryside. They managed to reach the shelter of some thick bushes, but the children grew colder and colder. Huddling together was of no avail, so at last this noble mother took off her clothes and wrapped them round the children.

Some hours later villagers passing that way heard a sound of crying, and, searching the bushes, discovered the children alive, and the mother a little way off frozen to death. Such sacrifice deserves to be written in marble for the children of the future.

"She would do anything on earth for me except be nice to me," a woman says of a near relative. She is fairly well off and often provides treats for the woman's children. Because of this she seems to think it gives her license to criticize, curb, and even snub those who benefit from her generosity. Apparently she doesn't realize that her money can never buy love and goodwill. However much the one less prosperous may appreciate the material gifts, she would appreciate much more a kindly and appreciative word occasionally.

### VACATION BEVERAGES

**Orangeade**  
½ cup sugar, 2½ cups water, 2 cups orange juice, grated rind 1 orange.

Boil sugar, water and orange rind together for 5 minutes. Chill, add fruit juice and serve.

**Ginger Ale**  
1 cup hot tea infusion, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, 1-3 cup mineral or ice water. Few slices orange.

Pour tea over sugar, cool and add fruit juices. Turn into large bowl over blocks of ice. Just before serving add ginger ale, mineral or ice water and orange slices.

**Grape Juice Lemonade**  
4 lemons, 1½ pints water, 1 pint grape juice, 1 cup sugar.

Mix lemon juice with other ingredients. Turn into pitcher half filled with ice and stir thoroughly. Let stand ten minutes before serving.

### ECONOMICAL DISHES

**Rice-Raisin Pudding**  
6 cups whole milk, ½ cup rice, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup raisins.

Put all together in a buttered pan in a moderate oven. Stir frequently at first, and then occasionally. Bake 2 hours. Should be creamy. Better cold than hot.

**Fried Cheese Toast**  
Put two thin slices of bread together with cheese. Beat 2 eggs, add ¼ cup of milk and ½ teaspoon of salt, dip the cheese sandwich in this mixture. Brown in butter on both sides. Serve with currant jelly.

Dishes that have become brown and burned from constant baking may be easily cleaned after they have been steeped for a while in borax and water.

A LAUNDRY is a busy place. Washing, rinsing, wringing, starching, mangle, pressing, blocking, and folding—processes galore that speed on and on, day after day, with modern equipment and modern efficiency. But God's laundry—no, we not reverently call it that?—is yet more busy and more efficient. He never rests; always, at every hour in the day, yes, every moment, His cleansing is being done, His ironing, and all the rest of it.

There are differences, however, between man's washing and God's. Man uses soap and water; but the Heavenly Father cleanses in blood, the precious Blood of His Son. True, it is a mystery, but those who submit to the process find little difficulty in believing, though they may in understanding it. Many a cultured gentleman and many a beautiful woman has shrugged a disgusted shoulder and curled an offended lip at the mention of "the Fountain filled with Blood," but the fact remains, eternal and unchangeable, that "all most all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission."

#### No Embarrassed Patrons

In our human laundry work there are a good many people with uncomfortable slim purses who must be content with a "wet wash" or "rough dried" only. Their clothes are hurried away to the laundry, flung into a huge net, whisked through the strong suds, and through ten or eleven rinsings, wrung out dry and returned straightway to their respective homes. Cheaper that way, but oh, the hard work afterward!

But with this other sort, the Heavenly laundering, the price has all been paid. God has no embarrassed patrons. Slim purse or full purse, it is all the same with Him, since His own Son met the cost nearly two thousand years ago. So why is it that we are oftentimes content with just part of the work? Why the back-breaking aftermath of all that ironing? Why the responsibility of finishing the garments in our own strength? For our Saviour offers, yea

longs with unutterable longing, to do it all for us. Is it not true that "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it?"

There are some apparently painful processes in the business of laundering. Wringing is one of these. Just why these crushing, pressing, burdening loads, these adverse circumstances, these peculiarly unpleasant environments are necessary to complete our preparations for the glorious life to come, is something hard to comprehend. He knows, if we do not. He is a Master-Lauderer as

### THE HOME-BUILDER

A house is built of bricks and stones,

Of sills and posts and piers.

But a home is built of loving deeds,

That stand a thousand years.

A house, though but a humble cot

Within its walls may hold

A home of priceless beauty, rich in

Love's eternal gold.

The men on earth build houses

—halls

And chambers, roofs and domes—

But the women of the earth—

—God knows

The women build the homes.

well as a Master-Bullder and a Master-Husbandman. He sees that

"Out of the presses of pain  
Cometh the soul's best wine,  
And eyes that shed but little rain  
Must shed but little shine."

After the wringing there are always some garments that need starching. Some weak, wobbly, cotton-string-for-a-backbone character,

the staff of whose will has been warped, bent, and broken, until it is all but useless. But oh, wondrous grace that brings infinite strength to the helpless, strength to surrender when one cannot surrender, and to believe where one cannot believe! Was there ever a promise so gracious as "I will cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them?"

There was once a poor Swedish girl, just the plainest, most commonplace, nondescript sort of girl you ever saw. No figure, no style—mud-colored hair and skin like sour buttermilk. Furthermore, no spark, no gumption, no personality. If anyone ever lacked a natural will power it was this girl, for no matter what remark was made in her presence it seemed she had ready nothing but a monosyllabic agreement. Such a garment as she was! Only drab calico, apparently, but God saw crepe de chine in the making. She came to Him, and He washed, wrung, starched, and ironed until she became, to some who knew her, a most beautiful person.

#### Crepe de Chine Character

But the Swedish father could not understand all this transformation. It angered him, and he turned his daughter out-of-doors. He was a berry farmer, and in the season good pickers were always hard to procure, so when the time came around he heaped one insult upon another by sending for the girl to return home and help out. When the season was over, she was again compelled to leave. This went on Summer after Summer; but God found and kept for her a place as maid in a millionaire's home. And it came to pass that the prayers and godly life of that humble child of the King had so much effect that her society mistress fairly trembled in her shoes at times, and did considerable seeking after

God herself.

Will power? Why, the girl was like Daniel of whom it is said, "No wonder the lions could not eat him, he was all backbone." Oh, it is true that after God's starching nothing can "separate us from the love of Christ," neither "tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution . . . nor peril."

In the Orient one sees innumerable strange sights in the old picture cities. One of these is a Japanese laundry. The hanging is not by the side of the house, nor yet at the back, but on top. There, fully exposed to the public view, will dangle the assorted arms and legs of your family, if you are foreigners; or flapping multi-colored kimono lengths if you are natives of kimono-land. The likeness is clear—testimony! The life of a Christian before the world. And not only the quiet life but the sounding word. There were golden bells as well as pomegranates on the hem of the high priest's garment. It looks foolish to the world, of course. Testimony often excites ridicule and brings persecution, but it is necessary for the making of clean, "air-kist" garments.

#### Ironing Out Wrinkles

And now for the ironing, the hottest, hardest, and most long-drawn-out process of all. Is it not a beautiful thought that God washes out the sin spots with the Blood of His Son, then irons out the wrinkles with His hot iron of affliction? Wrinkles in our garments! Inhabitants of the land that have been left somehow, as "thorns" in our sides, and "pricks" in our eyes. That difficulty in adapting ourselves nicely to people and circumstances, that lack of finesse in conversation, that tendency to scold when we are in proof only is needed. (The failure to redeem the time for Him, instead of for self in the telling of some delightful story. The numberless, ubiquitous unsightly wrinkles! Is there no way to rid ourselves of them? Yes, God's iron is ready. The plan may be intense, terrible, but if we let

(Continued on page 13)

## The Divine Laundry

"Out of the presses of pain cometh the soul's best wine"





# Our Musical Fraternity



## YOUR COMMISSION

A Word to Bandmen and Songsters

"Keep thy commission free from stain." This is the latest translation of a clause in I Timothy vi. 14. When thinking about it I concluded that this rendering was worthy of the careful consideration of every Bandsman and Songster.

If we were each asked what is the greatest force in human life, we would all feel sure, give a variety of answers. Whilst reading a news-reading just recently, I noticed that when the news of a certain man's death reached the city of London, there was a heavy fall in the prices of shares. Money is certainly a great power; it is the lifeblood of commerce and there is no doubt people of wealth have a certain power.

Force of intellect: this, too, is a great power, for without this mankind would be badly off. And there are other powers which might be mentioned, but without question the greatest force the world possesses is character, for it is this that determines the use of, and gives direction to every other power. Character shapes life and determines destiny.

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control," said a poet—"these three alone lead to sovereign power." A man of noble character possesses these qualities, and he it is who accomplishes most day by day. Benjamin Franklin attributed his successes as a public man, not to his talents—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Truthfulness, honesty, sobriety of behaviour, separation from the world, purity, unselfishness, gentleness, a forgiving spirit, humility, patience, industry, perseverance," these said the Founder ("Orders and Regulations," Chapter III), "are traits of character, and should be cultivated."

## The Need of Purity

Of these I would specially emphasize the need of purity.

1. In our hearts—"Blessed are the pure in heart," said Jesus, "for they shall see God." We should therefore seek for purity of heart. It is the heart that sees. True vision is through the affections, the sympathies, and the will. The purity of the heart that brings the vision of God is that inward state of life produced by the awakening of the soul to its own need.

2. In our thoughts—"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any praise, think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8).

3. In our words—"Let the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer" (Psalm xix. 14). "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious" (Ecclesiastes x. 12).

4. In our conduct—"To be pure is to be strong for service; the purer the man, the more pitiful, self-sacrificing, and effective his service. It was purity that robbed Christ with the garment of power, and it was an invisible armor shielding Him from the shafts of the enemy.—A.F."

## The Make-up of Festival Programs

Some Common Errors Pointed Out and the Way to Avoid them

By Territorial Bandmaster Punchard, British Territory

WHAT A DIFFERENCE there is in the "get-up" of programs for Band Festivals. When I see some productions I begin to wonder if those responsible are proud of them. I must confess that personally I should be very sorry to have my name associated with some I have seen.

Now, what is the principal fault? Unhesitatingly I reply, "Want of care."

Let us together look at a program I have before me as I write. It is of a festival I attended not very long ago. First, let me say, it is indifferently printed on poor quality paper.

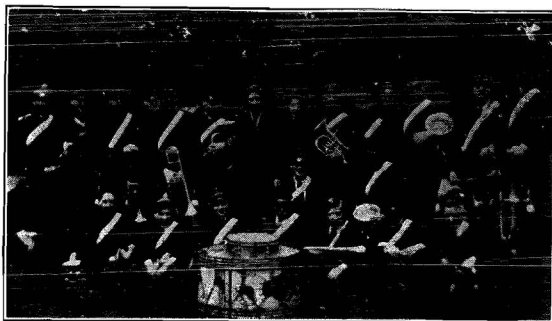
### Want of Care

Take the opening song. Three verses of four lines each are printed, and it is to be played to "Diademata"—so that we had one verse of eight lines and one of four lines, and people sang what they liked for the second four lines; actually—to em-

before me. The title of the Officer who opened with prayer is given as "Field-Marshall," and don't forget the two P's! Another Officer taking part is designated, "Lieu. Col.," another "Mrs. Cap.," while still another as "Mrs. S/Cap." All small things, but all going to show want of care in preparation and checking.

The program for the week-end meetings I attended some time ago said in announcing the festival, "Don't fail to miss this treat," and in the printing of the hymn, "Abide with me," on the back of the program, one verse read, "When other helps fail and comforts flee!" This priceless gem I keep carefully. On another program the hymn "Sun of my soul" was printed "Son of my soul."

These examples could be multiplied indefinitely. Of course, mistakes will creep in; printers' errors are particularly common, but many of the faulty programs cannot be laid to the



The Belleville Band "snapped" during its recent week-end visit to Tweed

ploy an Irishism—they sang nothing. Just want of care.

Now take the items; one selection was "Visions." There's not a word of explanation on the program, simply, "Selection Visions," which conveys little or nothing to anyone, and if there is one piece more than another which requires some explanation about the meaning it is "Visions."

### Those "Selected" Items

To proceed with the program, we get a vocal solo "Selected." Now this always strikes me as being silly. If the title is not forthcoming when the program goes to the printer, then I would rather leave it entirely blank. It occurs to me to suggest that in some cases this title is adopted in order to cover a breach of regulations. Let us hope I am mistaken! Several more selections are included in the program, but without a word of description to one of them.

Another "selected" item was a pianoforte solo. Then we get what is described as a selection "Remember Me," which is really a meditation on the song of that name. Not a word of explanation about it. And they charged twopenny for that program!

Let us look at another one I have

charge of anyone but the person responsible for their preparation.

### Explanation Needed

In presenting a program I always bear in mind that the individual in the audience wants to know something about the piece the Band is to play; the name of the arranger or composer, what songs are used in the make-up of the piece, what it is intended to represent; as for instance, descriptive pieces like "Discipleship," "Pilgrimage," and "Visions."

It is surely much more interesting to people, yes, and helpful to them in following the music, especially where so much of it is of an original and broken-up character such as we get in the three last-mentioned pieces, if there is some sort of guide on the program as to the composers' ideas in the building up of the selection. Without such an explanation, "Discipleship," "Visions," and other pieces may mean anything; at any rate the titles convey nothing. "Visions"—visions of what?

I agree it requires a little thought and time when setting out a program to find and prepare such a synopsis, but the descriptions on the covers of the Band Journal Scores, and the titles of the songs provide ample material for this.

(to be continued)

## CHATHAM BAND

### ON WHEELS

Ingersoll and Woodcock Visited

It was a very enthusiastic crowd of Bandmen that left Chatham for a week-end at Ingersoll and Woodstock. After a ninety-mile trip by car, the first engagement was a rousing march around Ingersoll, followed by an open-air "musical." We afterwards adjourned to the Hall where a festival was given. The items were well received, the Band, under Bandmaster Dunkley, acquitting itself most creditably. Bandmen L. Jarvis and F. Midgley's instrumental duet was well received, as was the instrumental quartet, the vocal solo by Bandsman C. Jones, and the mouth-organ and guitar selection by Bandsman H. Rodman. Captain Hiltz, the Commanding Officer of the Corps, extended a hearty welcome to the Band.

Sunday was a busy day; much open-air work was undertaken in the morning, and in the afternoon, in the park, the Band was publicly welcomed to the town of Ingersoll by Mayor Manzer.

At night, after the Salvation meeting, the Band again went to the park to conduct a community service.

On Monday the Band journeyed to Woodstock and in the afternoon played in Southside Park. The playing was again much appreciated. Then back to Ingersoll for the final engagement which was held in the Citadel before a crowded audience. Special items included in this program were a "triple tongue" solo by Junior S. Dix, aged 13, vocal solos by Sister Mrs. Dix, of London, and Margaret Hudson, of Chatham, and a cornet solo by Bandsman L. Jarvis, "I love Him better every day." Other Band items included "Homeward Journey," "Red Shield," and "Nearer to Thee."

Major and Mrs. Spooner, of Windsor, and Ensign Mundy, of Chatham, accompanied the Band, and Sister Mrs. L. Jarvis presided at the piano. Great credit is due to Captain Hiltz and the Ingersoll Bandmen for the royal way in which they entertained the Band.

## WINDSOR I BAND

is coming to  
HAMILTON I CITADEL  
(26 Rebecca Street)

August 3rd and 4th  
GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL  
Saturday, 8 p.m.  
Sunday, 2 p.m. in Dundurn Park  
Another Musical Treat

## PASS IT ON

(Continued from page 5)

fully, for though it is over eighteen months ago now, and many things have happened since which at one time would have worried me dreadfully, yet I can say with the hymn-writer:

Things that once were wild alarms  
Cannot now disturb my rest;  
Closed and untroubled arms  
Pillowed on His loving breast.  
Oh, to lie for ever there,  
Doubts, and fear, and self resign,  
While He whispers in my ear,  
I am His and He is mine.

To conclude, I would pass on as "God's cure for worry." Matthew vi. 33, as rendered the other day: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all those things that you lose rest over shall be added unto you."

Yours in Him,  
"Saved and Kept."

TUNE IN ON  
WEDNESDAY, JULY 24th,  
at 9 p.m. (daylight saving time)  
to Station  
CKCL (Toronto)  
and listen to  
EARLS COURT BAND for an hour.



# Newfoundland News

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — **Lieut-Colonel Dickerson** SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S



## PROMOTED TO GLORY

**Young People's Sergeant-Major Robert Pollard, HAMPDEN**

Death has taken from this Corps Young People's Sergeant-Major Robert Pollard. Although only twenty-five years of age, he suffered much, but was always brave. When the Captain, who was with him until the end, asked him about his soul he replied "I am ready for the Call." We laid him to rest with full Army honors. The business of the town ceased and all the business people attended the service at the Hall, which was packed. A large crowd also attended the service at the graveside. At the Memorial service there were several speakers representing the different sections of the Corps. Sister Mrs. Swyars sang one of our comrade's favorite songs, "He threw out the lifeline to me." He will be greatly missed by the Young People of the Corps. We pray that God may bless the father, wife and two small children who are left to mourn.—J.D.B.

## Sister Mrs. W. Hann, TROUT RIVER

An old Warrior of the Cross and one of the earliest Soldiers of the Corps, in the person of Sister Mrs. W. Hann, has been promoted to Glory. The Funeral service was conducted by Captain Collins, the Corps Officer. In the Memorial service, many tributes were paid to her memory. Our sympathy and prayers are with the bereaved.—C. C.

## Sister Mrs. Mary Trask, PORT BLANFORD

Death has visited this Corps and taken from our midst Sister Mrs. Mary Trask, who, although not a Salvationist, was a very warm friend of The Army, and the mother of Sister Mrs. Pardy, our Young People's Secretary. We shall miss our comrade and pray that God will bless and sustain those who are left to mourn.—B. H.

## Sister Lydia Morey, HARE BAY

We regret to report that death has summoned one of our young comrades, in the person of Lydia Morey. She had been enrolled only a year, and although ailing for a time, yet the Call came unexpectedly. The service was conducted by Captain Bowering, and was largely attended by members of the Company meeting, in which she had been a Company Guard, as well as many of the friends of the departed. We pray that God will sustain those who are left to mourn.—B.

## Brother Cornick, MORETON'S HARBOUR

Once again Moreton's Harbour Corps has been bereft by death of one of its leading Local Officers, and an exemplary Soldier of many years standing, in the person of Brother Cornick, the father of Staff-Captain Cornick.

The end came very suddenly, and our comrade was re-united in the Glory Land with his dear wife who also had a sudden passing about three months previous. Brother Cornick will be especially missed from the Corps Census Board, of which he was a member for twelve years as Treasurer.

His home was always open to Officer comrades and Soldiers alike;

## Off to the Battle's Front

*Newfoundland's Centenary Session Spend Farewell Sunday in St. John's and are Dedicated and Commissioned for Service*

THE Farewell Services for the Newfoundland Founders' Centenary Session of Cadets were held on Sunday, June 23rd, at St. John's I by Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, who was assisted by Mrs. Dickerson and members of Sub-Territorial Headquarters Staff. In the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, Cadet Clarence Mercer delivered the address, basing his remarks upon the words of St. Paul, "Be strong," "Be steadfast," "Fight the good fight." The service proved a time of spiritual enlightenment for all who were privileged to attend.

In the afternoon it had been arranged for a number of Cadets to speak on a given subject, and listening to the different speakers one was led to see the possibilities represented in those young Salvationists. It was quite evident that this thought was also uppermost in the mind of the Colonel when he again urged them to keep always in the will of God, and to feel the importance of the great door of opportunity that was about to open to them.

The Dedication Service was held on the Monday afternoon, the hall being filled to capacity. Following the opening song, prayer was offered by Major Salsbury. The representative Cadets who spoke in this meeting were Cadets Clarence Mercer and Mary Hopkins.

The presentation of the Cadets to

the Sub-Territorial Leader was made by Staff-Captain Bracey, the Training Garrison Principal. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson then addressed the Cadets, after which they made their consecration vows.

At night the Citadel was thronged with an eager crowd, and the Cadets were commissioned to their various appointments in the Island.

On the platform was placed a large globe, representing the world, and one of the Staff, dressed in white, gave a call for Soldiers of the Cross. The call was answered by the entrance of the Cadets.

Following the first song, and prayer by Staff-Captain Bracey, a song was rendered by the Cadets. The responsive readings were led by Adjutant Payton, and then followed the interesting Sessional Report read by the Principal. A selection from the united Bands and a sessional song preceded the actual Commissioning.

After each Cadet had received his or her commission, the Colonel delivered his charge to the new Officers, basing his remarks on words from Eccles. 8:12 "It shall be well." "You have proved yourselves worthy of the commissions given you to-night," he said. "You have won the confidence of your leaders. I charge you to be faithful to your vows and under all circumstances to be true to God. Be kind to the poor and helpless," he urged; "let it be known far and wide that you are men and women of righteousness."

An appeal for Candidates was made by the Colonel to which a number responded.

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S TRIBUTE

At United Memorial Service held in St. John's, Salvationists and Friends Honor the Memory of Army's Second General

On Sunday night a Memorial service for General Bramwell Booth, was conducted in St. John's by Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, the Corps of the city uniting at No. 1. A crowd of people thronged the Citadel eager to pay their respects to the memory of The Army's second General.

The service opened with the Band playing "Promoted to Glory," during which the different Officers of the city formed a procession and marched from the back of the building up the aisles, bearing the flags of different nations.

Following silent prayer, the Colonel lined out the first song, the words of which were composed by our departed General. Prayer was then offered by Staff-Captains Bracey and Cornick.

The St. John's I Songsters very sweetly rendered the song "Fling wide the gates," composed by Commander Evangelina Booth upon the death of the Founder, and the Colonel immediately followed with the address, making very touching references to his own associations with the glorified General. For upwards of an hour, the vast assembly listened to the words of our leader who paid a splendid tribute to the life and work of the promoted warrior.

In the Prayer-meeting, fifteen seekers were registered.

Take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day. . . . Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace.—Ephesians vi. 13, 15.

## Activities in the Montreal Division

Although the Summer season is upon us, the war against sin and the Devil is still being waged in the Montreal Division. Particular interest is

The Verdun Corps is specialising in large Open-air gatherings on Thursday and Saturday nights, and much good to both the comrades of the Corps and those to whom the message is taken, is accruing. By special permission from the City Council, a gathering is held in the Park every Sunday afternoon, when Band and Songster music is given, and the ministry of music and song has lost none of its power to attract and bless.

Last Sunday night the Divisional Commander paid a surprise visit to the French Corps, to the evident delight of Lieutenant Wheeler, who, in the absence of the Corps Officer, Mr. Currough, is carrying on with the same whole-hearted devotion to the French work as she ever exhibits. A splendid crowd of men stood and listened attentively to the Open-air service.

A recent visitor to the Divisional Headquarters was Captain J. L. Lorrain, of Sherbrooke on business affecting his command. He is all aglow over the extra Open-air in which the comrades of the Corps are assisting in whole-hearted manner.



The late Mrs. Commandant Richardson, who for some years served in Canada East, and whose promotion to Glory from Winnipeg was reported in a recent issue

being taken in Open-air fighting in many Corps, and the results are gratifying.

## A LOVING TRIBUTE

Paid by Montreal Salvationists  
to Life of General Bramwell  
Booth

To honor the memory of General Bramwell Booth an audience filled the Montreal I Citadel to overlook last Wednesday night. Draped with white and purple the photo of the departed leader seemed to bring more vividly to mind his sterling work for God in the formative days of our Army, his wealth of love for the young people, and his intense passion for souls.

As the united Bands of the Citadel and Verdun played "The Dead March," the great crowd stood reverently with bowed heads.

Staff-Captain D. Snowden and Mrs. Brigadier Burrows voiced in prayer the humble, but fervent thanks of a people whose lives had been touched by the influence of Bramwell Booth. Read by Staff-Captain Keith, the Scriptures spoke of confidence in God, and the Verdun Songsters sang "God shall wipe away all tears." To the martial tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" Brigadier Byers led the congregation in the singing of one of the late General's songs, "By and by He'll call me."

Following a selection by the Citadel Songsters, Brigadier Burrows, the Divisional Commander, spoke of the life of the departed General. Tributes to the General's faithfulness, zeal, courage and loyalty were paid by the speaker, and an earnest appeal made to all to reconsecrate their lives to God.

At the conclusion of the address the united Bands played "Promoted to Glory," after which, in reverent silence, the audience saluted the photo of the General.

The gathering closed with prayer by Major Hollande and Staff-Captain Harbour.—"Viva."

## THE DIVINE LAUNDRY

(Continued from page 10)

Still on the great, soft ironing-board of His will there shall surely be worked out in our lives the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

The other day a washerwoman brought to a home a little disappointment. A certain orange dress came back minus half of its buttons, and with the color straying far out of the beaten track into little yellow-paths on either side. Carelessness! How many twinges it causes! But God is never careless. He is so careful, so tender. "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench."

Some silks and laces need only the finest of hand-washings, and some woollen machine must have luke-warm water only, cold or not would shrink them. And think you not that He knows these things—knows just what material you are, and what sort of handling you need?

What could exceed the tender delicacy of the words, "Can a woman forget her child? . . . yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee!" "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." This last verse reminds one of a Christian mother who was expecting the coming of another child. She had been ill in body and much distressed in spirit for months past, for the family was very poor, and sometimes the children lacking in clothes sufficient to go to Sunday school. To a woman friend she said, one day: "I am not able, somehow, to pray through these months, but I am so glad it is possible to trust."

The exquisite gentleness of God's promises! To the young, the middle-aged, to those in middle life, and to the hoary-haired. Shall we not yield ourselves to such a Master, that His wonder-work in our lives may not only be begun, but brought to glorious state where there is no spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing?"

# The Last Victorious March

## London's Unanimous Homage to General Bramwell Booth—Escorted by Thousands of Salvationists to his Last Resting-Place

ON SUNDAY, at 11.35 a.m., the casket was received at International Headquarters. The porch had been draped with The Army's mourning colors—purple for triumphant and white for eternal hope—and on the pavement which his feet had trod day after day, the man who had ruled this building for so many years, rested, waiting for the final honors that his people were to pay.

At 5.45 a.m. came the first of the public to peep through the closed glass doors. At six o'clock a party from Lancashire saluted, and from then the procession of respectful watchers continued until, when the city workers arrived, the pavements around Headquarters were made impassable. At 7.30 a.m. women-Officers of the Men's Social Work mounted guard and stood motionless until they were relieved by the arrival of the Funeral procession to escort

promoted General's family left the porch and waited to join the procession. Came "The Nest" children in white and red, the only splash of costume-color in this imposing procession.

The music died away. Only the slow tramp of marching feet remained. Then a distant rolling drum and again The Army's Anthem of the Promoted Warrior.

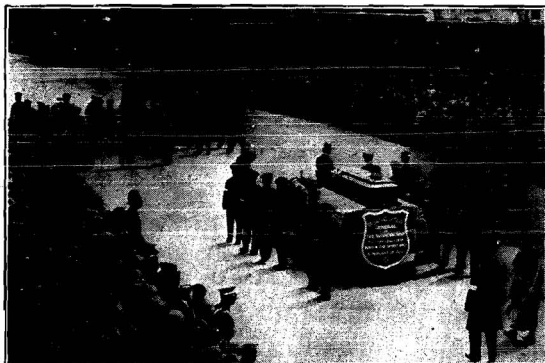
Mrs. Booth and the family took their places behind the funeral car. The General and the Chief, with the Commissioners fell in.

The clock struck twelve.

Behind the cars provided for the close relatives rode the Mayor and Mayoress of Halifax, who had come to pay their town's respects to its great Freeman.

The Staff Band—how the General had loved that Band—marched with measured step.

Two minutes past twelve and



The funeral cortege passing through London's silent streets. Mrs Booth, accompanied by her eldest son, Lt.-Colonel Bernard, are immediately behind the casket

the General to Abney Park.

Scenes of subdued animation marked the mustering on the Thames Embankment when 3,450 Salvationists gathered between Blackfriars and Charing Cross Bridges, with thirteen Bands and hundreds of white-ribboned banners in readiness to accompany their late Leader on his last journey and to pay him a striking tribute, in which London joined by standing reverently still.

So the procession began.

Skies were grey for early morning, but, as St. Paul's boomed out half-past eleven sunshine crept into Queen Victoria Street with its waiting thousands crowding either pavement. High on the National Headquarters stood an Officer beside The Army's Flag, which danced in the breeze. He waited to dip the standard that is never flown at half mast.

Drawn up outside Headquarters was the promoted General's car in which he had travelled thousands of miles on Salvation campaigns. It had been converted into an open funeral carriage, with the motto of the Companionship of Honor to which the promoted General had recently been appointed by the King:

In action faithful  
In honor clear

boldly inscribed on either side, and the medallion repeating the inscription on the casket plate at the back.

As the International Headquarters section reached Headquarters, the

silence. The General's car was moving. The warrior's last journey was begun.

Behind came more contingents, men of the services marched in rank. One civilian in the midst of many Officers was recognized as Gipsy Smith.

Thousands crowded the steps of the Royal Exchange and the adjoining thoroughfares. Work was stopped on the big buildings around the Royal Exchange, the workmen doffing their caps and standing silent while the procession passed. Mrs. Booth amazed all as she marched behind the casket.

So the body of General Bramwell Booth was escorted through the city and out along the weary roads of North-east London by representative Salvationists who were three-quarters of an hour marching past Headquarters.

When traffic was suspended, the streets were lined with the common folk whom the General loved. Shop shutters were put up, working men stood and "lost time" to pay their respects. Restaurants on the route refused to serve their customers while the procession passed.

Streets were lined all the way from the Embankment to Abney Park, a distance of over four miles. Tens of thousands of people watched the procession. London paid homage without stint, and was profoundly impressed, especially by the fact that not once during these four days of Memorial music was a Dead March played or sung.

## Coming Events

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: Sydney Mines, Sat.-Sun., July 20-21; Florence, Mon., July 22; Sydney, Sat.-Sun., July 27-28.  
BRIGADIER TILLEY: Truro, Sat.-Sun., July 20-21.

MAJOR EASTWELL: Lunenburg, Sat.-Sun., July 20-21; Bridgewater, Mon., July 22; New Glasgow, Sat.-Sun., July 27-28.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Riverdale, Thurs., July 18; Birch Cliff, Sun., July 21; Rhodes Avenue, Tues., July 23; Yorkville, Wed., July 24; Uxbridge, Thurs., July 25; Whitby, Sat.-Sun., July 27-28.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HAM: Hamilton IV, Sun., July 21.

STAFF-CAPTAIN KEITH: Montreal VIII, Sun., July 21; Montreal III, Wed., July 24; Napanee, Sat. and Sun. (morning), July 27-28; Belleville, Sun. (evening), July 28; Cornwall, Mon., July 29.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton VI, Sat.-Sun., July 20-21; Brantford, Sat.-Sun., July 27-28.

## FAREWELL TO TORONTO

Major McElhiney Receives

Gratifying Tributes

Warm tribute to the contribution made by Major John McElhiney, through his work in connection with various social agencies, was expressed recently at a luncheon given at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto in his honor by members of the Mothers' Allowance Board of which he was Vice-Chairman. Rev. F. Powell, on behalf of the board members, expressed regret at his departure, and briefly reviewed his work in the city in the past eleven years as an Officer in The Salvation Army, as representative of the city in the Adult Court and on the Mothers' Allowance Board. Major McElhiney has been Acting Chairman of the board during the illness of Dr. Gertrude Lawler.

At a special meeting of the Toronto Council His Worship Mayor McBride also made warm references to the work of the Major.

## CHANGES OF APPOINTMENT

As we go to press the following appointments are announced by the Commissioner.

Major Chris Sparks to be Assistant Territorial Young People's Secretary; Staff-Captain John Ritchie to assist in the Special Efforts and Subscribers' Department; Staff-Captain John Wright to be Divisional Young People's Secretary, Toronto West; Commandant Joseph Galway to be Divisional Young Peoples Secretary, London, Ont.; Adjutant Maud Brett to be Matron of the Ottawa Hospital; Adjutant Minnie Robinson to be Matron of the Elcor Street Hospital, Toronto; Adjutant Robert McEla to be Divisional Young People's Secretary, Toronto East.

Adjutant Alice Pedersen, Matron of Sydney Women's Hospital; Ensign Annabel King, Matron of Ottawa Children's Hospital; and Ensign Alice Dicks, London Hospital, are under farewell orders.

## PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us  
one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will pre-  
vail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our  
bosoms take,  
What parched grounds refresh  
as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us  
seems to lower:  
We rise, and all the distant and  
the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline  
brave and clear:  
We kneel—how weak! We rise  
—how full of power!



## We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

**WHEELER, Alfred** — Born in Hastings, England. Missing twenty years. Age about 63 years. When last heard of lived somewhere in Ontario. Only sister is anxious to locate him. 17637

**HUTCHINGS, Fred, Emma and Laura** — Left St. John, N.B. when very young. In the year 1855, for Australia. Emma and Laura may have changed their names by marriage. It is thought that they may be somewhere in Canada. 17622

**McANDREWS, John** — Age 39 years; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Farm laborer. Born in South End, Liverpool. Last heard of six years ago when in Ottawa. 17611

**WILKINSON, Hugh** — Age about 25 years; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; medium build; blue eyes; fair complexion. Was working either for the Atlantic Pacific Company, or Dominion Stores in Ontario. 17613

**ASKEW, Harry** — Described as being 5 ft. 3½ ins. in height; blue eyes; age about 18 years. When he disappeared, was wearing grayish-brown suit and blue-striped shirt, soft gray hat and brown shoes and socks. Father, in Montreal very anxious for news. \$200 reward is offered to anyone giving information which leads to his being found. 17622

**BRADY, Nelson George (William O. Brady)** — When last heard of was living in Mahawa, Ontario. Age 23 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; medium brown hair; hazel eyes; fair complexion. Born in North Peikam. Thumb on right hand has only one joint. Missing since November, 1928. Brother anxious for news. 17624

**FAARLAND, Bernt Nilsen Tanberg** — Age 51; hair turning gray; blue eyes. Born in Bilit, Tolen, Norway. 17680

**McMAHON, William** — Age 22 years; height about 5 ft. 4 ins.; brown eyes. Last heard of in Vancouver, B.C. May be in Ontario now. 17633

**BALSON, William George** — 40 years of age; gray hair; half of first finger of right hand amputated. Missing since October, 1927. From Detroit, Mich., may now be in Canada. Carpenter by trade. Family anxious. 17639

**BROWNRIIG, Herbert** — Age 28; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; fair complexion; blue eyes; Place of birth, Montreal. Missing four years. Father anxiously enquiring. 17640

**SPENCE, Family** — Enquiries are made from Australia for Edmund Gordon Spence, age 32; Alice Jean, age 27, wife of John Spence. John Spence died in Halesbury; his wife is supposed to be living in Toronto under the name Mrs. Burns. Information needed to settle estate. 17488

### IS YOUR NAME ON OUR "MISSING" LIST?

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Our Tailoring and Dressmaking staff are experts

A fine light weight grey serge, in various shades, for men's wear, or any of our regular lines of navy blue serges. These make up to perfection in either uniform or civilian suits and light weight overcoats.

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Various weights.

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Superfine, quality in Blue, - - at 4.00

All post paid

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### THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

## WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

(Continued from page 3)

then. Year after year comes under review. Oh, the wonder of it! Our friend's heart swells with gratitude to God as he recalls his many and varied experiences and reflects upon the way God has guided, comforted and sustained him during these two decades. When he decided to give his heart to God and to live for Him, little did he think that twenty years hence would find him a Salvation Army Officer and among the native people of Africa.

Again and again he is moved inwardly to exclaim with one of old: "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise!" No! Not "ONE WORD!" Twenty years ago he had steeled out in faith, knowing not what the future held for him; he had trusted where he could not trace—in fact, had no desire to pry into the unknown future, he desired rather to follow, and to follow "in His steps"; and lo! according to His promise God had not merely delivered him, but brought him "forth into a large place." A "large place" in that it afforded him an opportunity to honor God and bless his fellows infinitely greater than that would have been his had he remained in that corner, delightful as it may be, away a "The Land of Evangeline."

### Where?

"What—ah, WHAT—might have become of me?" he is led to ask himself, if he had not made that great decision! And thus reflecting, he is reminded of a line of a song dear to his heart in the early years of his regeneration:

"If I had wandered on in sin, where, oh where, might I be now!"

Ah! where . . . . .! Thank God, on this glorious morning no words could better express his thoughts and feelings than the refrain of this song:

"My heart with joy is often running over  
As I ponder o'er the love of God to me."

From the rocky hillsides a mile or so distant, where between three and four thousand native Salvationists are encamped, there is borne on the freshening breeze sounds—increasing in volume every moment—of awakening life. Troops are being marshalled, and numerous Army Flags wave brightly and bravely in the sunshine. Then many drums begin to beat, and from that moment until a late hour that night their steady rhythmic pom—pom—pom never for one moment ceases. They are marching—aye, and marching well—and from half a dozen quarters. A company of several hundred strong is nearing the Hall in the Settlement with a Band at the head and playing music not as heard often before on many a Salvationist battlefield. Pom de de, pom pom pom—pom de de, pom pom. TWENTY YEARS! Who would have thought it! Praise God!

### Count Your Blessings

The music stops, the drums in procession cease to beat. This body of native Salvationists is entering the Hall. From where our friend sits beneath the shade of the huge boulder he can see them thronging the doorway. They are within. Faintly on the still morning air can be heard a voice raised in prayer, and our friend from the Land of the Maple unites his petition with that of his native comrades. The Band plays again. What is the tune? Surely not! Yes, wonder of wonders—it is . . . yes, it is—"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS." A coincidence? Our friend out on the veldt there in the shade of the boulder, whose heart literally bounds with gratitude to God at the sound of the familiar tune, prefers rather to look upon it as the sealing of his consecration made in the early hours of this ninth day of September. But whether it is so or not, Christ most assuredly came to his heart afresh and continues to be to him A LIVING, BRIGHT REALITY.

# CIRCULATION CHART

<b>Halifax Division</b>	
<b>HALIFAX I</b>	1,000
(Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	
Truro	236
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson)	
New Glasgow	235
(Adjutant and Mrs. Woolcott)	
Halifax II	228
(Ensign and Mrs. Capson)	
Yarmouth	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Mills)	
Dartmouth	188
(Ensign and Mrs. Langford)	
<b>Hamilton Division</b>	
<b>HAMILTON I</b>	550
(Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	
Hamilton IV	500
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	
Hamilton III	320
(Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	
Brantford	250
(Adjutant Kettle, Captain Lennox)	
Orillia	250
(Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	
Hamilton II	250
(Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart)	
St. Catharines	228
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourn)	
Qait	228
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)	
Kitchener	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson)	
Bridgeburg	200
(Lieutenant P. Johnston)	
Niagara Falls I	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Knaap)	
Port Colborne	175
(Captain and Mrs. Ritchie)	
Quebec	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	
<b>London Division</b>	
<b>ST. THOMAS</b>	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	
London I	250
(Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)	
Woodstock, Ont.	210
(Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey)	
Stratford	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Lutton)	
Owen Sound	180
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kiteon)	
<b>Montreal Division</b>	
<b>MONTREAL I</b>	900
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier, Lieutenant ant Lautebach)	
Sherbrooke	428
(Captain Lorimer, Lieutenant Knaap)	
(Ensign and Mrs. Howett, Lieutenant Jennings)	
Montreal IV	228
(Captain and Mrs. Worthylake)	
Montreal II	228
(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	
Montreal VI (Verdun)	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Larmann)	
Belleville	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	
Cornwall	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	
<b>North Bay Division</b>	
<b>TIMMINS</b>	350
(Captain and Mrs. Ford)	
North Bay	230
(Commandant and Mrs. Cavendar)	
Sudbury	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Rix)	
Sault Ste. Marie I	200
(Ensign, Lieutenant Ibbotson)	
Sault Ste. Marie II	175
(Captain and Mrs. Calvert)	
Cochran	150
(Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant McFarlane)	
<b>Ottawa Division</b>	
<b>OTTAWA I</b>	600
(Adjutant and Mrs. Hart)	
Ottawa Bay	210
(Commandant and Mrs. Davies)	
Ottawa II	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	
<b>St. John Division</b>	
<b>ST. JOHN I</b>	550
(Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	
Moncton	516
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	
Fredericton	285
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. John II	228
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Charlottetown	228
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
St. John III	150
(Captain Davies, Lieutenant Pope)	
Cape Breton	150
(Adjutant Millard, Lieutenant Brown)	
St. John IV	150
(Captain and Mrs. Hammond)	
St. John V	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	
<b>Sydney Division</b>	
<b>SYDNEY</b>	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford)	
Quebec	228
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	
Whitby	190
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
Sydney Mines	190
(Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)	
<b>Toronto East Division</b>	
<b>PETERBORO</b>	280
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham)	

(Continued in column 4)

## Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

*C. M. R. Has a Dream and Hopes it's a Shadow of Great Things to Come*

COULD I believe my ears? Had the phone lost its senses? Or had I?

Yes!—No!—Yes!—No!—Query—Yes! I don't No!

"Repeat it, friend," said I.

"Twas the publisher reading out the list of this week's increases—

"Montreal I up 100—Saint John I orders 250 more—Dovercourt needs 200 extra—Halifax wants an additional 500—Moncton another 300—Danforth up 100—Exeter needs a 1,000 extra—

"Ting a ling, tang, whrrr-rrr-rrr-rang-tang—tang-whr-rrr-rrr-rrr—

"What on earth's that? Ah—six o'clock, and a bright Summer's morning.

Let's see!

### Where Was I?

Dreaming of something nice—was it strawberries and cream?

Ah! I've got it. Rises! Increases! Oh! but don't tell me that was only a dream—all those increases shattered!

Oh, let me weep; let me weep seas of tears. Just to think the castle in smithereens—the balloon exploded—the pie all burnt—the cream all spilled—the etc., etc.

### Ever Had a Dream

like that? I've had many in my time. Dreamed I was the King once. Jolly nice, too! Chap in this office also dreamed the other night that he was somebody real big in the world—Prime Minister, President, pill manufacturer or something. Nice while it lasts. But the bitter awakening! Far better dream you're dead; 'cos you have a delightful sensation when you wake up to find yourself alive on a happy, sun-bathed globe—blue sky, birds singing, and all that.

But

### Those Phantom Increases!

"Publisher comrade, why did you do it? Why did you come to me in my

dreams?"

"I didn't!"

"Whadmean, you didn't! Who did, if you didn't? Tell me that."

Anyway, what I want to say is this. Coming events cast their shadows. Was this dream a sort of foreshadowing of future realities?

Are those Corps and many others really going to get a move on? Are we in for still

### Another Boom?

Last week when we met round our round table, we ventured to anticipate that some of our battle heroes at new commands were busy donning the war paint in preparation for a scalp-hunting exploit—Chief Gillingham, of Dovercourt, after War-split Raymer; President Laing, of Hamilton I, hot in pursuit of Black-hat Falle, of Riverdale; Ongoes Dixon, of Oshawa, after Fleet-foot Barclay, of Windsor I; Onaway Robinson, of St. Thomas, with his eyes on Highlander Howlins, of Belleville; Inthefray Martin, of Charlottetown, with a tomahawk ready for Eagle-eye Larmann, of Verdun.

Let us

### Hope So!

These are unpropitious weeks, just now, some tell us. The Summer days are days of leisure. But do you tell me that any such small circumstance such as this will damp the spirit, quench the fires, wash the war paint off any warrior-herald worth his salt?

No, sir!

Here is a lay to stir you to warlike endeavors:

While last the Summer days, Boomers, with battle lays, Rush to "The War Cry" frays, Let none be lazy

y. Couldn't get that y in the last line. Would have spoiled the rhyme. Now then, to arms, ye braves! Let there be no apologizing, or temporizing, but let's

—C. M. RISING.

## CAUGHT IN THE COURTS



"The War Cry" Man Opens his Note-Book and Reveals Some of the Ways in which The Army is Seeking to Uplift Men and Women.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN lad left his home in Montreal a few days ago and hiked to Toronto. He had no friends, and very shortly landed in the court on a charge of vagrancy. He was handed over to The Salvation Army and was provided with meals and clothing and then given assistance on the home-ward trail. "You are the only real friends I have met since I left Montreal" he gratefully ejaculated before leaving. "I didn't know much about The Army at home, but I am going to find out more about it, you may be sure!"

An out-of-town girl came to the city for employment a few weeks ago. In her home town she had been a church member and Sunday School worker. But the companions with whom she associated in the city were not church-goers, and she unfor-

tunately fell in line with their practices. They got into trouble one day, in which she became implicated. A police officer who was interested in the young lady asked The Army's Police Court Officer to take her in hand. This was gladly done, and the other day she was sent back home, quite happy to have escaped so easily from the influence of her companions.

A young man, holding a good position and coming from a fine home, decided that if he could get a government liquor permit he would be a man in the real sense of the word. He managed to secure one, and put it to immediate use. Then a car was borrowed, in which he took a little jaunt about the city. To his sorrow he discovered that the intoxicants did not facilitate the manipulation of his vehicle. The result—he was haled before the magistrate, and a

(Continued from column 1)	
Riverdale (Ensign and Mrs. Falle)	300
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)	300
Cobourg (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	228
Oshawa (Ensign and Mrs. Dixon)	210
Danforth (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	200
East Toronto (Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)	180
North Toronto (Captain and Mrs. Evenden)	150
<b>Toronto West Division</b>	
<b>LIPPINCOTT</b>	275
(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	
Dovercourt (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	250
West Toronto (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	240
Lisgar Street (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	170
Swains (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Clark)	170
<b>T.H.Q.</b>	
Toronto Temple (Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	180
<b>Windsor Division</b>	
<b>WINDSOR I</b>	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)	275
Sarnia (Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	270
Windsor II (Captain and Mrs. MacGillivray)	225
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Brower)	180
Wallaceburg (Captain and Mrs. Hobbins)	180
<b>Newfoundland Sub-Territory</b>	
Sub-T.H.Q. and St. John's Corps Combined	180
Grand Falls (Commandant and Mrs. Marsh, Lieutenant Downey)	150

prison term stared them in the face. The Army's Police Court Officer investigated the case, and, however, and promised to stand for the lad's future, so he was remanded to The Army. Our Officer saw his employer, and saved his position. No wonder mother and son were overjoyed at the happy outcome of an escapade that might have ended disastrously.

Two young boys, ages sixteen and seventeen, respectively, were filled with the idea that a "Jesse James" sort of romance was the ideal life. So they enthusiastically set off on their adventures, but before proceeding far with their plans, they met definite opposition from a guardian of the law. In the court they were questioned by The Army's representative, who, by the kind permission of the judge, took charge of them. They were safely escorted to their homes—wiser lads for the experience.

### "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

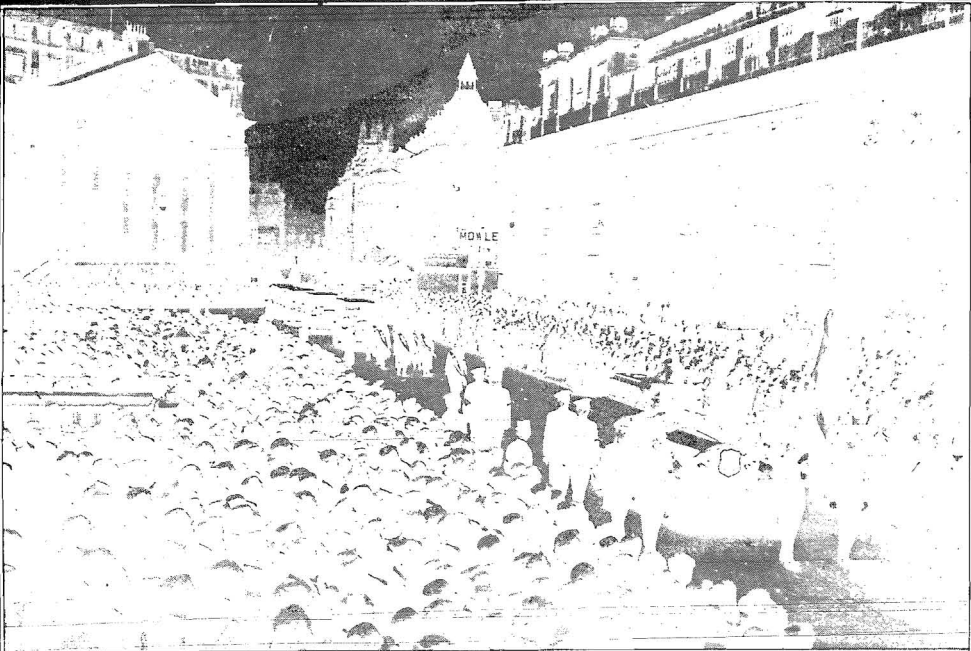
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$\_\_\_\_\_ (or my property, known as No. \_\_\_\_\_ in the City or Town of \_\_\_\_\_ to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands at the receipt of the said Edward J. Higgins, or other the General for the time being thereof as to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in Rescue (or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army," or for further information, apply to—

COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto 2.

# The Funeral of General Bramwell Booth

WONDERFUL SCENES IN THE HEART OF LONDON



Moving scenes were witnessed in London as a final salute was paid to the life and service of The Army's second General. The heart of the great city was still for nearly an hour while thousands of citizens paid silent tribute to a life of noble self-sacrifice and distinguished service. The roar of London's mighty traffic was hushed; instead the streets echoed with the strains of "Promoted to Glory," and other Army songs played by nineteen Bands.

The upper picture shows the scene at the Mansion House where Civic Dignitaries, as well as business men from the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England and other large offices saluted the Carriage.



Scene at the graveside in Abney Park Cemetery showing Commissioner Catherine Booth leading the singing. Mrs. Booth is on the right